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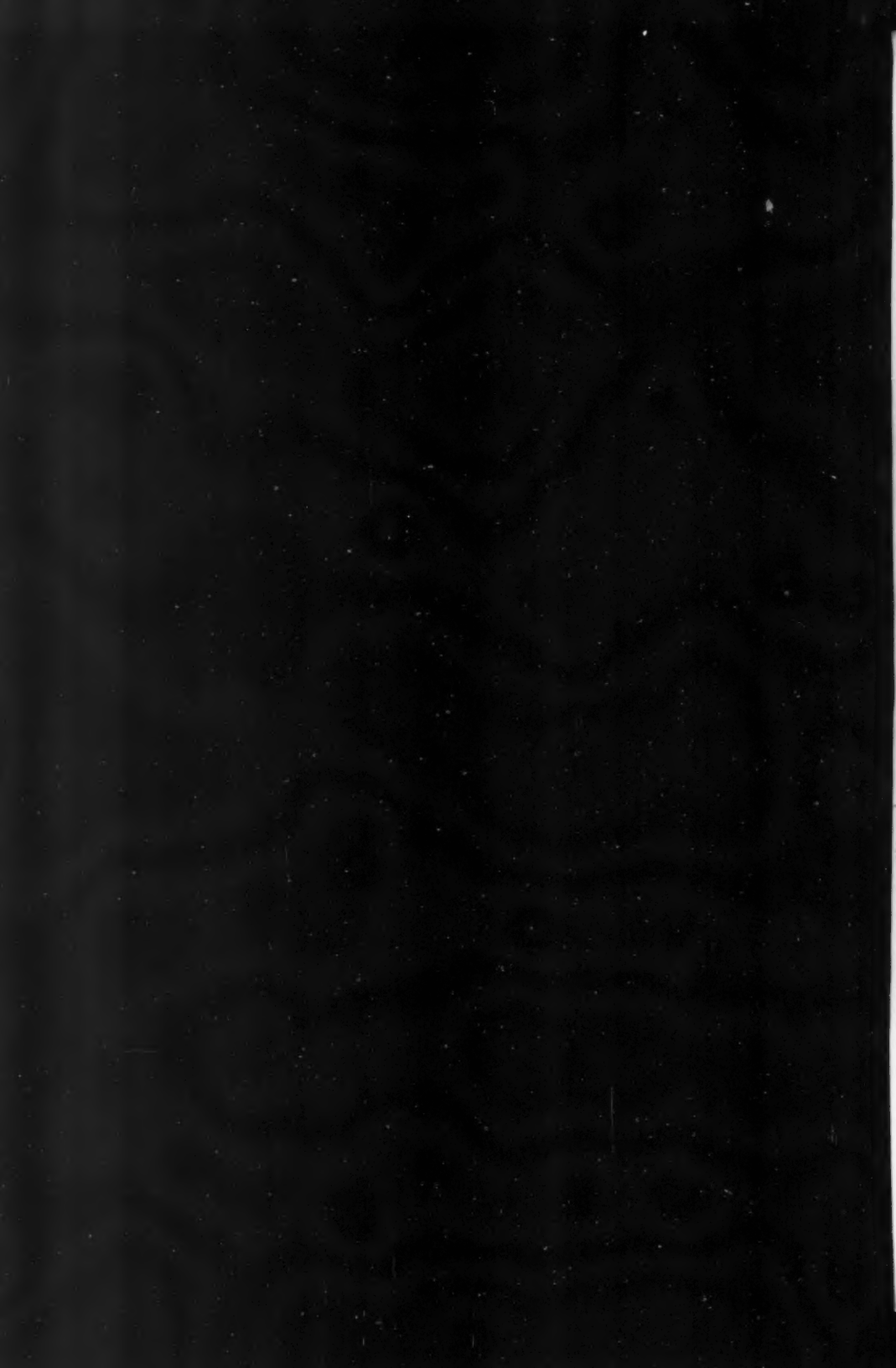
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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series, }  
Volume X. }

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{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CCIX. }

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## THE OLD GARDEN SEAT.

I stand beside the yew-tree fence,  
Mid gaiety of blue-eyed May;  
Rose perfumes hit my sluggish sense  
And human accents to me stray.  
Grandfather tells his old-world tales  
And Granny smiles her hundredth smile,  
Round me each eve the nightingales  
With song their nesting cares beguile.

Here happy lovers seek the shade  
And rest them in my ample seat,  
Joy in the future hope has made,  
And hear the far-off lamb's faint bleat.  
I hold—alas! in cast-iron arms—  
Sweethearts for whom I'd gladly die,  
Catch their soft whispers, weigh the  
charms  
For which enamoured suitors sigh.

A maid here, pink and white, Love's rose,  
Drank in yestreen a gallant's praise;  
He plucked for her each flower that blows  
What time they paced these lonely ways.  
They rested here; I jealous heard  
Each murmured answer mid their bliss,  
And tried to blush—'twas too absurd—  
When troth they plighted with a kiss.

Love's gauds I laugh at, honeyed speech,  
Hyperboles of all that's sweet;  
I scoff when softened accents reach  
The coldness of a garden seat.  
And yet, old wisdom still can see  
That nought excels the married life:  
Wise of mortals, blest is he  
Who wins himself a loving wife.  
Gentleman's Magazine. M. G. WATKINS.

## THE OUTDOOR CHURCH.

The carven pillars of the trees,  
The flowered mosaic of the grass,  
The green transparent traceries  
Of leaf on leaf that lightly lies  
And lightly move when breezes pass,

The anthem of the waterfall,  
My chorister the blackbird's lay,  
And mingling with, suffusing all,  
Borne by the wind and still let fall,  
The incense of the new-mown hay:—

This is my church, my altar there;  
Here Earth the kindly mother kneels,  
Her mighty hands outspread in prayer,  
While o'er her brow the sunny air,  
A south wind full of blessing, steals,

She wraps me in her mantle-fold,  
I kneel and pray beside her there  
As children do whom mothers hold.  
And living air, and sunlight-gold,  
And wood and meadow, pray with me.  
Spectator. EVAN KEANE.

## AH! ME, 'TIS WINTER YET.

I know a time shall be,  
When, from each slumbering bough,  
Shall flash on you and me  
The beautiful young leaves,  
Like glimmering emeralds set  
In April's coronet:  
When the warm south wind shall sough,  
And, to the silent eaves  
The twittering martlets cling,  
With tidings of the spring.  
Ah! me, 'tis winter yet.

I know a time shall be,  
When, for our sweet delight,  
The pretty pageantry  
Of April shall unfold;  
The herald violet,  
With purple banneret;  
Gay king-cups, bravely dight  
In shining cloth of gold;  
And, dancing in the breeze,  
Virgin anemones.  
Ah! me, 'tis winter yet.

I know a time shall be,  
When, on my longing ear,  
Your voice, a melody  
Of silver strings, shall sound,  
And charm away the fret  
Your absence doth beget;  
When love shall cast out fear,  
In chains eternal bound,  
And, coming to his own,  
Raise in our hearts his throne.  
Ah! me, 'tis winter yet.

I know a time shall be,  
When all, save love, shall fail;  
That dim futurity  
When we, dear heart, must stand  
Where life and death are met.  
May there be no regret  
As, down the stream, we sail  
Toward the shadowy land  
Where, crowned with asphodels,  
Springtime forever dwells.  
Ah! me, 'tis winter yet.

Chambers' Journal. OLIVER GREY.

From The Nineteenth Century.  
RECENT SCIENCE.

BY PRINCE KROPOTKIN.

I.

RÖNTGEN'S RAYS.

Since the year 1860, when Kirchhoff and Bunsen endowed science with a new method of chemical analysis—the spectral analysis—no scientific discovery has so rapidly conquered a wide popularity as Röntgen's discovery of "the photography of the invisible by means of an invisible light." The wonderful photographs of the bones within the living human body obtained by the Würzburg professor, and their possible applications in medical practice, as well as the mysterious character itself of "invisible rays of light which reveal things concealed from the human eye," have certainly contributed a great deal to render the discovery so widely popular. But there is in it something more than that: it arms science with a new means of investigation; it opens a new field of research; and it touches upon one of the most vital physical problems of the moment—the relations between electricity and light. This is why the new radiations are so eagerly studied by this time in all centres of learning in Europe and America.

That our eye is but a very imperfect optical instrument, which is not affected by most of the vibrations of which a beam of light is composed, and that vibrations to which it is blind affect, nevertheless, the photographic plate, was certainly known long since. We know perfectly well that just as with our ear we perceive only such vibrations of air-molecules as are not slower than thirty and not quicker than thirty thousand per second, so also with our eye we perceive only such waves in the ether as are not shorter than one sixty-three thousandth part of an inch, and not longer than twice that length; and we know also that the invisible shorter waves, which appear in a spectrum at its violet end and far beyond it, are precisely those which the photographic plate is most sensitive to. Photography "by means of an invisible light" would

thus offer nothing new. But the dark radiations discovered by Röntgen display many other remarkable properties besides; they are different from the just-mentioned ultra-violet rays of the spectrum, and they so widely differ from light altogether as to upset our current notions about light. In fact, they belong to the wide borderland between electricity and light, discovered by Hertz,<sup>1</sup> and only those who have closely watched the latest researches in that domain, made on the lines indicated by Hertz and recently followed by the Hungarian Professor, Philipp Lenard, could foresee the existence of radiations endowed with such remarkable properties.

Among the many sources of light which we have at our disposal, the most interesting of all is undoubtedly the Geissler tube. A glass tube, sealed at both ends after air has been pumped out of it as much as possible, and having at its ends two platinum wires sealed through the glass, which are brought in connection with a source of electricity—this is the simplest form of what is known in physics as a Geissler tube, or, in its perfected and modified forms, as a Hittorf's or a Crookes's tube, or simply as a vacuum tube.<sup>2</sup> When its two wires are connected with the two poles of an induction coil, or with the two electrodes of an influence electrical machine, the most striking luminous effects are obtained. A

<sup>1</sup> Hertz's discoveries were discussed in this review in May, 1892.

<sup>2</sup> Geissler was its first inventor and maker; but in the hands of Hittorf, and especially of Crookes, it has been improved and turned to such a splendid account that it often goes under the name of a "Crookes's tube" or a "Hittorf's tube." Geissler used to exhaust it so as to leave in it no more than one three-hundredth part of the air which it contained when it was open. Now, with the Sprengel air-pump, the exhaustion may be rendered so complete as to leave in it only one-millionth part of the air, or even less. It is evident that the tube may also be arranged in such way as to pump out the air (or any other gas it may be filled with) during the experiments themselves. Instead of two platinum wires we can also introduce two or more electrodes, of any shape and of any metal, to vary the experiments. Tesla often used one electrode only.

stream of luminous matter, partly composed of minute particles of metal torn off the negative pole (cathode), rushes towards the other pole; and where it meets it, or where it strikes the glass, a beautiful glow is produced, especially if the glass is such as to become easily fluorescent. And beautiful as these effects are in their simplest form, they may be embellished and diversified almost infinitely by varying the nature and exhaustion of the gas with which the tube was filled, the shape of the tube itself, and the nature and the shape of the electrodes; while the study of the intimate nature of the luminous emanations which proceed from the cathode—the so-called “cathode rays”—opens an immense field of investigation into some of the most arduous problems of physics. Suffice it to say that Tesla made his striking experiments by passing rapidly alternating currents through such tubes; and that the suggestive researches of Mr. Crookes into what he named “radiant matter,” and of J. J. Thomson into the substance of these emanations, lately analyzed in this review,<sup>1</sup> were made with the aid of the same apparatus.

However, it was not before 1892 that Hertz, shortly before his death, discovered a remarkable peculiarity in these streams of luminous matter—the cathode rays: namely, that they pass through thin plates of various rays of light.<sup>2</sup> The Hungarian Professor Lenard at once utilized this property of the cathode rays for bringing them out of the vacuum tube into another glass tube, where he could experiment upon them at his ease under a variety of conditions. He made in a vacuum tube a little “window,” out of a very thin leaf of aluminium (about one one-thousandth of an inch thick), and directed the luminous stream emanating from the cathode upon the “window.” For ordinary light an aluminium plate evidently would have been a shutter; but for the “cathode rays” it really proved to be a window. They passed through

it and entered the next tube, producing a strong smell of ozone.

Most of them, after having emerged from the “window,” were invisible to the eye; but as soon as they fell upon a screen covered with some fluorescent matter, this matter began to glow as if it had been struck by a beam of sunlight or electric arc light; but when Lenard made the rays pass through different gases, liquids, and solids, their behavior proved quite different from that of ordinary light. Various substances are, we all know, not equally transparent to sunlight, but their different degrees of transparency depend upon their inner structure, or their chemical composition, not upon their density. Glass has a greater density than paper, but it is transparent to ordinary light, while paper is not. With the cathode rays it was quite the reverse. Paper was more transparent to them than glass, and aluminium, which is slightly less dense than mica, was more transparent than mica; as to the denser metals, such as gold and silver, they were quite opaque for the cathode rays even in very thin leaves. The same was noticed with all gases; their transparency too depended entirely upon their density. At the ordinary atmospheric pressure the cathode rays ceased to act upon the phosphorescent paper at a distance of a little over two inches; but in rarefied air they travelled a distance of six feet without being absorbed; and when Lenard experimented upon gases of different densities, such as oxygen and hydrogen, he found that it was sufficient to rarefy oxygen to one-sixteenth part of its usual density to render the two gases equally transparent. In short, the absorption of the cathode rays proved to be in direct proportion to the density of the medium which they passed through. Like inertia and gravity, Lenard wrote in December last, the cathode rays depend in their absorption upon the mass of matter they traverse. They do not behave like light, but like a cannon-ball which is arrested in its course by the density of the heap of earth which it has to pierce.

<sup>1</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, January, 1894, p. 141.

<sup>2</sup> Wiedemann's “*Annalen der Physik*,” 1892, Bd. xlv., p. 28.

Moreover, while usual luminous vibrations would take no heed of a magnet placed near their path, the cathode rays explored by Lenard were deflected by a magnet from their ordinary rectilinear directions. And yet—such is at least Lenard's opinion—the magnet acted not upon the rays themselves, but upon the medium they passed through; and what seemed still more incomprehensible was that the action of the magnet depended upon the way in which the cathode rays were generated; the more the air was rarefied in the vacuum tube where they took origin, the greater was the magnetic deflection. At every step the physicist thus met with some new problem which he could by no means explain under the now current theory of luminous radiations.

And finally, as if it were to establish one more affinity between these extraordinary rays and common light, Lenard discovered that when a photographic plate was brought near to the aluminium "window," the silver salts of the plate were decomposed by the invisible rays. One step more—a simple piece of wire placed between the "window" and the plate—and Lenard would have obtained a shadow photograph similar to those obtained a few weeks later by Röntgen.<sup>1</sup>

This step was made by Röntgen. His researches, however, were carried on on a somewhat different plan. He also took a vacuum tube, and made it glow in the usual way; but he entirely wrapped it up in black paper, and when its light was thus intercepted, and the room was quite darkened, he saw that a piece of paper striped with fluorescent matter began to shine when it was approached to the tube exactly as if it were struck with rays of sunlight or arc-light.<sup>2</sup> The effects were thus

similar to those which Lenard obtained with his cathode rays; but there was a great difference in intensity. The invisible radiations which emanated from the vacuum tube wrapped in black paper made the fluorescent screen shine even at a distance of six feet. Their force of penetration through solids was also much greater. Pine boards one inch thick, a book of a thousand pages, two packs of cards, and a block of ebonite over one inch thick, proved to be as transparent to the new rays as glass is to ordinary light; they passed through these bodies and made the fluorescent screen shine. Even metals, especially the lighter ones, were to some extent transparent to the new radiations; a sheet of aluminium over half an inch thick still allowed them to pass, and only the heavier metals easily intercepted them; still, a thickness of eight one-thousandths of an inch of platinum and of six one-hundredths of an inch of lead was required to secure practical opacity to these rays. And finally, when the hand was placed between the tube and the fluorescent screen, the result was especially striking; the flesh was pierced by the rays without any trace of absorption, while the bones totally intercepted the rays, and threw black shadows. A shadow of the skeleton of the hand, devoid of the flesh, thus appeared in black on the fluorescing screen.

More peculiarities became apparent in the course of investigation. Light, as we all know, is reflected from polished surfaces; and when a beam of ordinary light passes from one transparent medium, such as air, into another transparent medium of greater density, such as glass, or vice versa, the beam is broken. But the new rays had not that property. A glass or an ebonite lens placed in their path had no effect upon them. A mica prism filled with water, or with carbon bisulphide, which would break a beam of ordinary light, was traversed by the new rays without deflecting them from the straight line; and although a very thin prism of

spar, uranium glass, and calcium sulphide, produce the same effects.

<sup>1</sup> Philipp Lenard, "On Cathode Rays in Gases under Atmospheric Pressure and in Complete Vacuum," in "Sitzungsberichte" of the Vienna Academy of Sciences, 1893, p. 3; "On the Magnetic Deflection of Cathode Rays," and "On the Absorption of Cathode Rays," in Wiedemann's "Annalen der Physik," 1894, Bd. III., p. 23, and 1895, Bd. lvi., p. 255.

<sup>2</sup> Barium platino-cyanide was used in this case. Other fluorescent bodies, such as rock-salt, Iceland

aluminium seemed to have some breaking effect, its action was, at any rate, very small. Regular reflection of the new rays could not be obtained, although they spread, like ordinary light, along straight lines. As to powders, such as glass powder, which evidently stop the passage of ordinary light because every grain reflects and refracts light in all possible directions, they were, on the contrary, as transparent for Röntgen's rays as the coherent solid itself.

Like Lenard's cathode rays, Röntgen's radiations also decomposed the silver salts of the photographic plate, and consequently photographs of the above-mentioned shadows, or "shadowgrams," could easily be obtained. It is evident, however, that for such photographs the camera is of no use, as its lenses have no effect upon the rays. Besides, wood being transparent for the new radiations, the dry plate need not be taken out of its flat wooden box, nor need its wooden shutter be removed. The plate can be kept in its protecting box, or, still better, it can be placed in a black cardboard envelope and laid on the table; the hand, or any other object of which we wish to obtain a shadowgram, is placed upon it; the glowing vacuum tube is then brought above the object, at a distance of from four to twenty inches, and after an exposure of a few minutes the photograph, or rather the shadowgram, is ready.<sup>1</sup> Those portions of the negative upon which the rays fall unhindered are decomposed, while all those portions which are in the shadows of opaque bodies (the bones, or pieces of metal and so on) remain unaltered. If a hand or a foot is photographed in this way, all the bones, and the bones alone, appear on the positive in black, while the flesh, being quite transparent to the Röntgen rays, does not appear at all, or is indicated only as a faint shadow round the bones. On the con-

trary, the metals, such as a ring on the finger, or a piece of wire laid upon the hand, come out in dark black on the positive. Again, when a closed wooden box containing a set of metallic weights, or a leather purse containing coins, a key, and a lead pencil, were photographed by the new rays, the wood of the box and the leather of the purse left no traces whatever, while the metallic weights, the coins, the key, and the graphite of the lead pencil appeared with a remarkable accuracy.

As soon as Röntgen's discovery became known through a preliminary communication which he made in December last at the fiftieth anniversary of the Würzburg Society of Physics and Medicine,<sup>2</sup> his experiments were repeated all over Europe, with full success, and attempts were made at once to utilize them for medical purposes. It often happens, indeed, that a needle, or even the point of a fishing-hook, enters our flesh, and before it has been extracted it goes so deep that there is no means to find where it is lodged and to get it out. Then it may travel for years through different parts of the body, its presence always offering a certain danger lest it may affect some vital organ. Röntgen's rays will often offer the means for making out the exact position of such an intruder, and both at Bern and in this country needles have already been extracted, and pellets of lead have been found out, with the aid of the new photography. A malformation of one of the bones in the foot, the actual state of a broken bone, a tubercular growth on a finger, nay, even the consequences of a tubercular outgrowth in the knee and of a disease in the thigh-bone of an eight years old child,<sup>3</sup> could be studied in this way, the inner structure of the bones becoming more and more apparent in proportion

<sup>1</sup> An English translation of this paper was given in *Nature*, January 23, 1896, vol. lili., p. 274.

<sup>2</sup> These two last were obtained by Lannelongue and Oudin (*Comptes Rendus* of the Paris Academy of Sciences, February 10, 1896, vol. cxlii., p. 283). Nothing which would not have been known to the surgeons was discovered, but photography confirmed their previsions in every point of detail.

<sup>3</sup> The length of necessary exposure evidently depends upon the intensity of the rays, which varies according to the character of electrical excitation in the vacuum tube. With strong Wimhurst machines, exposures of less than one minute seem to be sufficient.

as the methods of the new photography are improved. Professor Neusser at Vienna could even exhibit before his students two photographs, one of which represented gall-stones in the liver of a patient; while the other indicated the presence of a stone in the bladder. The former appeared admirably, while the latter, which seemed to be half transparent to the rays, was shown, nevertheless, quite well as to its form. To be enabled thus to explore the inner cavities of the human body is evidently an immense advantage, while other useful applications of the new method will undoubtedly be discovered in time.

For theoretical science, however, the interest of Röntgen's rays lies elsewhere. The Würzburg professor was quite right in describing them as "*x* rays," because they are different from all luminous rays previously known, even from the ultra-violet radiations and from Lenard's "cathode rays," and all we can do now is to make hypotheses as to their true nature. That they should pierce wooden planks and other di-electrics is one of their less astounding properties. Since Hertz proved the affinity which exists between electrical waves and waves of light, and, producing his waves on the one side of a wooden door, detected them in the next room on the other side of the door, we see nothing extraordinary in the fact that Röntgen could obtain a shadowgram with rays which had passed through a wooden door devoid of its usual white-lead painting. This is only the chemical counterpart of Hertz's experiment. But the chief feature of Hertz's electric waves is that they have all the properties of ordinary light; they spread at the speed of two hundred thousand miles in a second, air is transparent for them, and they are reflected, broken, and polarized in exactly the same way as waves of light are reflected, refracted, and polarized. Röntgen's rays, on the contrary, seem to have an incomparably smaller speed, and they are not capable of either regular reflection or refraction. They differ also from the invisible ultra-violet rays of the spectrum, although

they have something in common with them especially in their electrical effects. And they are certainly different from the above-mentioned cathode rays studied by Lenard. They do not emanate from the cathode itself, but originate from the glass of the vacuum tube, at the spot where it is struck by the cathode rays. They are thus the descendants of the cathode rays, not those rays themselves; and while these latter are deflected by a magnet, Röntgen's radiations take no heed of it and pursue their course in a straight line. It may thus be said that they are neither ultra-violet radiations, nor cathode rays, nor Hertz's electric waves, although they have something in common with all of them. What are they in such case?

The readers of this review may perhaps remember that the same question was raised with regard to the cathode rays themselves. In those flows of luminous matter which rush from one pole of the Geissler tube towards the other pole, Crookes, J. J. Thomson, and many others see a stream of minute electrified particles, or perhaps molecules or atoms of matter; while Hertz, Goldstein, and Lenard consider them as vibrations of the ether similar to ordinary light, only of a very short wavelength; and quite lately Mr. Schuster, in a letter to *Nature*,<sup>1</sup> suggested that the same explanation might apply to Röntgen's radiations. Two explanations, almost equally probable, are thus advocated for the cathode rays, and scientific opinion remains undecided between the two. Still more we must be in the dark with the newly discovered radiations. Consequently Röntgen is very cautious in his hypotheses, and only ventures at the end of his paper the suggestion that the new rays may be ascribed to *longitudinal* waves in the ether. As there is, however, something more to say in favor of this suggestion, a few words of explanation as to its

<sup>1</sup> *Nature*, January 23, 1896, vol. lili. In the *Comptes Rendus* of the French Academy (December 30, 1895) M. Perrier has also described experiments, giving some new support to the views of Crookes and J. J. Thomson.

real meaning may perhaps be welcome to the general reader.

When a fan is waved to and fro in the air, each time that it is moved one way the air is pushed before it, and as all the mass of air cannot be moved at once, part of it is condensed in front of the fan; a wave of slightly condensed air is thus sent into space, and can even be felt with the hand at a certain distance. But when the fan is moved the other way, a slight rarefaction of air takes place behind it, which rarefaction will again be followed by a condensation when the movement of the fan is reversed. Waves of slightly condensed and slightly rarefied air are thus produced, and sent into space. The same, we know, happens when a tuning-fork is set vibrating; only the waves of condensation follow each other much more rapidly—at the rate of, say, several thousands in the second. This is what is described in physics as a “wave” of sound. If we could follow that “wave” as it travels from, say, the fork to the ear, we should see all the molecules of the air on this line vibrating and describing circles or ovals, which are all placed lengthways along the line followed by the sound; we should say in such case that these vibrations are “longitudinal.”

Now, light is supposed to be due to vibrations or oscillations of the minutest particles of ether; but in order to work out the laws of propagation of light in full accordance with the observed phenomena, mathematicians were compelled to postulate that the luminous vibrations take place in a medium absolutely incompressible, in which no waves of compression or rarefaction and, accordingly, no vibrations in the direction of the beam, such as are produced by the fan or the fork, can originate. The particles of ether, they suppose, vibrate only *across* the line of propagation of light. To speak, therefore, of longitudinal vibrations is a sort of heresy, because it means to imply that ether is compressible to some extent, and that it differs from ordinary matter by only being extremely rarefied. However, the number of heretics who

take this last view grows every year, and Lord Kelvin is one of them. In his Baltimore lectures, delivered in 1884, he even forcibly developed his arguments in favor of the possible compressibility of the ether, and the possibility of longitudinal waves in it.<sup>1</sup> True, the “longitudinal vibrations” of the ether enjoy a bad reputation—witty critics insinuating that physicists resort to them, as physicians resort to “nerves,” when they can find no better explanation. But quite lately Jaumann, in Vienna, has submitted the whole subject to a thorough experimental and mathematical investigation; he has even devised a method for ascertaining by experiment in which direction the luminous oscillations take place; and, applying his method to ordinary light first, and then to the study of Lenard’s cathode rays, he came to the conclusion, confirmed by mathematical analysis, that the latter are nothing but electrical radiations consisting of longitudinal vibrations.<sup>2</sup> One objection, however, has been raised against this conclusion by the great mathematical expert in molecular physics in France, Poincaré,<sup>3</sup> namely, that longitudinal vibrations could not be deflected from their path by the action of a magnet. But this is precisely what Lenard insists upon with regard to his cathode rays. The magnet, he says, has no action upon the

<sup>1</sup> See the abstracts from these lectures, now in print, communicated by Mr. Bottomley to *Nature*, January 23, 1896, vol. lili., p. 268.

<sup>2</sup> Taking the last researches of Elster and Geitel, he has proved that ordinary light, when it penetrates into a rarefied air medium or is reflected from it, gives origin to coherent longitudinal waves which have an amplitude three times smaller than the amplitude of the transversal vibrations. Applying, further, the same method to Lenard’s cathode rays, he proves that they are electrical rays, consisting of longitudinal vibrations, and having periods of oscillation of from one-millionth to one-hundred-millionth of a second. He has developed, moreover, the mathematical theory of these vibrations on the basis of Maxwell’s theory. (“Sitzungsberichte” of the Vienna Academy, Bd. civ., January and July, 1895; summed up by the author in Ostwald’s “Zeitschrift für physikalische Chemie,” 1896, Bd. xix., p. 164.)

<sup>3</sup> *Comptes Rendus* of the Paris Academy of Sciences, 2 décembre, 1895, tome cxxi., p. 792, and 13 janvier, 1896, tome cxxii., p. 74.

rays themselves; it acts upon the medium they pass through, and this medium is the ether. As to Röntgen's rays, it is most remarkable that they fully answer to Poincaré's requirement; they are *not* deflected by the magnet.

Supposing that the experiments are decisive—is this a mere coincidence? Or must it be taken as a confirmation of the view which gradually gains ground in chemistry and physics, and according to which waves of rarefaction and compression really exist in the ether, because it is simply a more rarefied form of ordinary matter? Time alone, and further research, can solve this important question. In the mean time we can only say that the electrical properties of the new rays and their mass effects become more and more apparent. It results also from some remarkable experiments made in January last by Gustave Le Bon at Paris,<sup>1</sup> and continued by Professor Sylvanus Thomson and Lord Blythwood,<sup>2</sup> that similar dark rays, also capable of piercing metallic plates and of acting upon photographic films, exist not only in the light of the glow tube, but also in the light of an ordinary lamp. "Black light," as Le Bon names it, consisting of certain vibrations different from those of ordinary light, would thus seem to be a regular accompaniment of all the vibrations which we have hitherto known as light.

All this shows that the discovery of Hertz, Lenard, and Röntgen is even more important for the theory of light than it seemed to be at the outset. But when all the immense amount of research that has been made in the borderland between electricity and light is taken into account, and when one realizes the amount of *thought* already evolved in connection with these researches, one cannot expect that the new step, now made in advance, should solve all the difficulties. All that can be said is that it is a step in the right direction, which makes one feel a little nearer to the solution of the great prob-

lems of the day relative to the structure of matter and the movements of its finest particles.

## II.

### THE ERECT APE-MAN.

Step by step the theory of evolution has fought its way against many hostile criticisms. The builders of this theory have proved that variation is continually going on in organisms, even nowadays under our very eyes; they have studied and indicated its causes; and to the anti-evolutionists, who defied them to produce from the older strata of the earth the organisms which could be looked upon as common ancestors of different now existing species, they have answered by producing whole series of such common ancestors, not only for species nearly akin to each other, but for different families as well, and even for whole classes of the animal kingdom. The bird-like feathered lizards, or lizard-birds; the ancestors of the great flightless birds; the ancestors of the ruminants, of the horses, and of the entire group of the hoofed quadrupeds—i.e., the even-toed and the odd-toed ungulates—nay, even the common ancestors of both the ungulates and the rodents—all these have been disentombed in such numbers during the last twenty years that genealogical trees of whole classes of animals have lately been reconstituted almost in full. In one point only the evolutionists had failed: they had not yet succeeded in discovering the fossil remains which would bridge over the gap between man and the higher manlike apes; and the words with which Huxley concluded, thirty-two years ago, his review of evidence relative to man's place in nature, continued to hold good almost up to the present day—that is, all fossil remains of man hitherto known were distinctly human in their characters and represented but a very slight approach to the apes; while the oldest fossil remains of apes, obtained from Tertiary strata, were hardly nearer to man than the now existing chimpanzees, gorillas, or gibbons. Quite lately some new and important evidence has been added to

<sup>1</sup> *Comptes Rendus*, 27 janvier and 3 février, 1896, tome cxxii., p. 188, 233.

<sup>2</sup> *Nature*, February 13, 1896, vol. lili., p. 310.

the above, and only a few months ago the remarkable discovery by Eugène Dubois, in Java, of an intermediate organism between ape and man came to fill up to some extent the above-mentioned gap.

The difficulties which stand in the way of a discovery of this "missing link" are evidently enormous; but their proper nature is not always well understood, because we are all inclined to underrate the necessary antiquity of the organism which once occupied an intermediate position between man and the primates. That such an organism need not be searched for in our superficial post-glacial deposits, even though they represented a duration of at least ten thousand years, becomes evident as soon as we consider the human remains concealed in these deposits. Numerous and widely spread human populations, belonging to the Neolithic age, have left their traces in the post-glacial beds; but their manners of life, their industry, and their implements were so similar to the manners, industry, and implements of so many of our contemporary savages, that their physical features must have been, and really were, the same as those which we see now when we travel in lands untouched by civilization. Whole tribes of now living savages may still be described as living in the later stone age.

For the same reason we cannot expect to find ape-like ancestors of man in the deposits of the glacial period, or immediately pre-glacial, when the mammoth, the woolly rhinoceros, the reindeer, the cave bear, and the cave hyena inhabited Europe. The Palæolithic flint implements which we find in the deposits of that period differ so little from those which are still in use among certain lower savages, such as the Papuans or the Fuegians, that the men who used to make the Palæolithic flint scrapers and knives could not have been immensely different in their physical features from the lowest representatives of the human race who are still in existence. Even now the New Guinea Papuan lives partially in the Palæolithic period. He uses fire, but he does

not know how to obtain it; and when he wants a knife, he breaks a chip off a flint and uses it, such as it is—very effectually, it must be said, as Miklukho Maclay convinced himself when he gave his foot to be shaved with a chipped flint obtained on the spot by merely breaking it off a flint stone picked up on the beach.<sup>1</sup>

Although representing an antiquity of some twenty thousand years or much more, the Palæolithic age is still too near to us. And yet, even from that age, the fossil remains of man are scarce, and we have up till now no more than four or five human skulls undoubtedly Palæolithic.

True that the two skulls discovered at Neanderthal and at Spy, the fragment of a skull unearthed at Bury St. Edmunds, the jaw which was found at La Naulette, and the Kanstadt skull decidedly point to a very low organization of man. The low cranial arch of these skulls, their depressed frontal area, their narrow foreheads, and their immense superciliary ridges are characteristic of such low specimens of the human race that when the Neanderthal skull first became known it was described as the skull of an idiot; and this opinion was held by the antagonists of evolution so long as more skulls bearing exactly the same characters were not produced. But still, even the Neanderthal cranium shows a brain capacity estimated at nearly twelve hundred cubic centimetres, while the highest skull of an anthropoid ape has only a brain capacity of five hundred cubic centimetres. The distance between ape and man, which thus remains to be bridged, is still very considerable.

This is, however, as Huxley wrote years ago, only what might be expected from Palæolithic men, who knew the use of fire and could already shape pieces of flint into more or less perfect implements. In order to find beings still more simian in their characters, we evidently must ransack the Pleistocene deposits—i.e., the uppermost deposits of

<sup>1</sup> Miklukho Maclay, in the "Izvestia" of the Russian Geographical Society.

the Tertiary age, then the Pliocene beds, which probably represent a length of time twice as great as the preceding division, and finally the Miocene strata; but to look for ape-like ancestors of man in the Quaternary period was simply to pay unconsciously a tribute to the current prejudice as to the quite recent appearance of man. It is the Tertiary deposits that we must now explore, the more so as the existence of human-like, reasoning beings during the middle portion of the Tertiary age—i.e., the Miocene times—can be taken as fully granted. True that when the French geologists came forward to claim so high an antiquity for man, or at least for human-like beings, their evidence was met with distrust and was submitted to a very searching criticism. The scratched and cut bones which were unearthed from the Tertiary strata in France and Italy, and which were brought forward as evidence of man's existence at that time, certainly could have been scratched and cut by some other agency than man's hand, and it was necessary to discuss these agencies. But after all sorts of tests had been applied to those bones, and after a most minute inquiry had been made into the causes which might have produced similar cuts, anthropologists gradually came to the conclusion that some, at least, of these scratched bones must have been cut, when they were still fresh, by some trenching instrument other than the teeth of any known animal. As to the flints discovered by the Abbé Bourgeois at Thenay, in the department of Loir-et-Cher, and better explored since, although very little art appears in their shaping, they are now generally considered as having been obtained or fashioned by some reasoning being which lived in France during the Miocene times. The fossil flora of the same deposits having been studied by no less an authority than Oswald Heer, and the fauna by Gaudry, it is now certain that both belonged to the Upper Miocene age, so that there can be no doubt concerning the high antiquity of these remains. As to whether the

reasoning beings who fashioned the Miocene flints were human-like creatures or highly developed apes—as Gaudry and Boyd Dawkins are inclined to believe<sup>1</sup>—this is a question which necessarily must remain unsettled so long as no fossil remains of those beings are known.

Better results might have been obtained in the search for fossil remains of anthropoid apes. During the Miocene period, when our continent enjoyed a much warmer climate than now, and even the Arctic lands were covered with forests now characteristic of southern Europe, apes and monkeys lived in great numbers all over Europe and Asia, even as far north as these isles. Properly speaking, it was an ape-age, and fossil remains of apes dating from that period have been found in many parts of Europe and Asia. But while the hitherto known fossil Miocene apes represent less differentiated forms than the now living ones, and combine in one single form the characteristics of several modern genera, there is only one of them, the *Dryopithecus Fontani*, discovered years ago in France, which represents a form considerably higher than the now existing anthropoid apes. It had a nearly human size, its incisor teeth were small, and the cusps of its molar teeth, although less rounded than those of a European's tooth, had a great resemblance to the cusps of the teeth of an Australian.<sup>2</sup> However, it must be said that the Tertiary deposits, from which the best finds might have been expected, continue to be very little known. Even the Pliocene deposits of the

<sup>1</sup> Albert Gaudry, "Les Enchaînements du Monde Animal; Mammifères Tertiaires." Paris, 1878, and "Fossiles Secondaires," Paris, 1890; W. Boyd Dawkins, "Early Man in Britain and his Place in the Tertiary Period," London, 1890, p. 68. The works of Lyell, Huxley, and Sir John Lubbock, and Mortillet's "Le Préhistorique" (Paris, 1883), are so well known as sources of general information upon the subject that they hardly need be mentioned. A very valuable addition to this literature is the tiny book published last year by Mr. Edward Clodd, "The Story of Primitive Man," London, 1895.

<sup>2</sup> Gaudry, *l.c.* p. 236.

Sivalik Hills, at the foot of the Himalayas, where the remains of a chimpanzee which had affinities with both man and the gibbon were found, still await the geologist who can explore their treasures in the same way as the American geologists have explored the "Uinta" formation in the United States and the Pliocene beds of the Argentine.

Such was, in brief sketch, the state of our previous knowledge when Eugène Dubois made his remarkable discovery of the "erect ape-man"—the *Anthropopithecus erectus*. There are in Java, on the southern slope of the Kendeng Hills, thick layers of a volcanic tuff, consisting of clay, sand, and volcanic lapilli, cemented together and rearranged by rivers. The Bengawan River has cut its channel through them. These beds, over eleven hundred feet thick, lie upon marine deposits of the Pliocene period, and may be safely taken as belonging to the earliest subdivisions of the following period, the Pleistocene. They contain, indeed, considerable numbers of fossil bones of stegodon, the hippopotamus, the hyæna, several species of deer, a gigantic pangolin, three times larger than the same ant-eater now living in Java, and so on. Attention has been paid to these deposits since the time of Junghuhn's visit, and in the years 1890-1895 M. Eugène Dubois explored them for the Dutch Indian government. There he found, in September, 1891, the cranium and one molar tooth of a human-like being, and, resuming his excavations next spring, he succeeded in digging out of the same bed, at the same level, another molar tooth and the left thigh-bone of presumably the same individual. The thigh-bone was nearly three times as heavy as the average femur of modern man, and indicated a high stature of the individual; it combined, moreover, both human and simian characters, while it indicated at the same time that the creature to which it belonged walked in an erect posture. As to the skull, it was decidedly too small in comparison with the big thigh-bone, if we judge from the present

human proportions; but it was at the same time much bigger than the largest skulls of the present apes, and represented such a combination of human and ape characters that M. Dubois did not hesitate to describe the individual to whom the skull, the teeth, and the femur belonged as a *Pithecanthropus erectus*, an "erect ape-man."

As might have been foreseen, Dubois's discovery was met with distrust in Europe so long as the actual specimens were not known to anatomists. When the subject was introduced before the Berlin Anthropological Society in January, 1895, by W. Krause, the German doctor unhesitatingly declared that the tooth was a molar of an ape, the skull, notwithstanding its remarkably great capacity, was that of a gibbon, and the thigh-bone was a human bone; that consequently the three could not belong to the same individual, although each of them, taken separately, represented a remarkable find, as no one could expect to unearth an ape of such a great brain capacity, or to discover in the Pliocene age a fossil man attaining the stature of five feet seven inches.<sup>2</sup> Virchow also submitted Dubois's conclusions to a strong criticism.<sup>3</sup>

A few days later the fossil ape-man received a somewhat better treatment at the Dublin Royal Society, where the subject was introduced by Dr. Cunningham. In full opposition to Virchow and W. Krause, Dr. Cunningham described both the cranium and the femur as distinctly human; and in support of his views he produced two very interesting diagrams upon which the fossil Java cranium was compared with an average Irish cranium, the Neanderthal and the Spy (No. 2) cranium, and the skull of a young gorilla. The results of the com-

<sup>1</sup> "*Pithecanthropus erectus*: eine menschenähnliche Uebergangsform aus Java," by E. Dubois. Batavia, 1894.

<sup>2</sup> Five feet five inches would perhaps be more correct. The length of the femur being 455 millimetres, Dr. Cunningham obtains 1,654 millimetres (5 ft. 5 in.) for the height of the individual. This is, he remarks, the average size of a Frenchman.

<sup>3</sup> *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie*, 1895, Jahrgang xxvii., p. 78.

parison are striking.<sup>1</sup> The Java skull has the same depressed frontal region and cranial arch as the Neanderthal skull, the same striking development of the superciliary ridges, and very much the same general aspect; but all these features being still more marked, it belongs to a still more inferior being; it has decidedly a much more simian character, and by its shape it stands exactly midway between the European skull and that of a gorilla. Dr. Cunningham's conclusion was that the cranium is decidedly human, but represents a form "considerably lower than any human form at present known." Two specialists thus pronouncing, the one for man and the other for a gibbon, gave the exact description of what the cranium is in reality—an intermediate form between ape and man.

A further change in favor of Dubois's opinions took place at the last International Zoological Congress at Leyden, when the fossils themselves were laid before specialists, together with a number of bones and skulls intended for comparison. Such a specialist in fossil bones as the American palæontologist Professor Marsh is did not hesitate to support many of Dubois's conclusions by the weight of his own wide experience; and although Virchow, who presided at the meeting, still maintained that the four fossils could hardly belong to the same species, he gave to his remarks more of the character of an interrogation than of a denial of Dubois's views. The anatomist Professor Rosenberg took the same position; he saw in the fossils a human femur and the skull of a remarkably highly developed ape.

At last, in November, 1895, Dubois was invited to bring all his evidence before the Dublin Royal Society, where it was carefully examined and discussed,<sup>2</sup> and next before the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and

Ireland.<sup>3</sup> When the real fossils were submitted to the Dublin anthropologists, their doubts as to the four pieces belonging to the same individual seem to have been abandoned, as they were mentioned no more in the discussion. This evidently was a great point, because the human characters of the femur are so pronounced that nearly all anatomists recognized them at once; while the cranium so much combines the characters of man with those of an ape that some anatomists prefer to call it a gibbon's skull, while others unhesitatingly pronounce for a very low specimen of man. As already said, by its shape it undoubtedly occupies an intermediate position midway between the European and the gorilla; and the same is true of its interior capacity. While the average European brain has a volume of from fourteen hundred to fifteen hundred cubic centimetres, and the brain of the highest ape has a capacity of but five hundred cubic centimetres, the fossil Java skull has a capacity of one thousand cubic centimetres—that is, two hundred cubic centimetres lower than that of the Neanderthal cranium. It thus stands, in this respect also, half-way between the two, somewhat nearer to man than to the ape. The same, again, must be said of its various dimensions; they also are intermediate between the corresponding dimensions in ape and man,<sup>4</sup> while its very narrow and low forehead and the shape of its back parts give it such a decidedly simian aspect that Dr. Krause, as we have seen, took it for the skull of a gibbon.

The same intermediate characters appear in the thigh-bone, and still more in the teeth. Dr. Pearsall, a leading dental surgeon at Dublin, found that the human characters of the teeth are

<sup>1</sup> I have not yet the report of this last sitting.

<sup>2</sup> The two diagrams are given in *Nature*, February 28, 1895, vol. II., p. 528, where Cunningham's paper is reported in full.

<sup>3</sup> Sitting of November 30, 1895, reported in *Nature*, December 5, 1895, vol. III., p. 115.

<sup>4</sup> The length of both the Neanderthal and Spy (No. 2) crania is 200 millimetres; their respective width, 144 and 140 millimetres. The length of the fossil Java skull is 185 and its width 135 millimetres. The same dimensions in an average chimpanzee skull are 132 and 91 millimetres. These measures were given by Dr. Cunningham (*Nature*, vol. II., p. 428).

striking; and yet they are larger than human teeth, and the considerable development of their cusps is decidedly simian. But for the anatomist, as Dr. Alexander Macalister pointed out a few years ago in his presidential address before the British Association,<sup>1</sup> this fact alone of larger teeth implies a whole association of conclusions relative to the shape of the face. Bigger teeth imply a bigger and much heavier lower jaw; and to work it more powerful muscles are wanted, which muscles, in their turn, require a sharper definition of the areas of the bones to which they are attached. And when big teeth are associated with a small brain, and especially with a narrow forehead—as is the case with the fossil Java cranium—the jaws must protrude very much and the whole face must take a snouty appearance; moreover, as the heavy jaws affect the centre of gravity of the head, they affect at the same time the set of the skull on the vertebral column; nay, speech itself is modified, and the sibilant sounds must disappear from the speech of a big-toothed individual. In short, as Professor Sollas said at Dublin, the fossil remains discovered by Dubois offer invaluable evidence of an organism which was “either a pithecoïd man or a remarkably human ape.” It was an “erect ape-man.”

As to the true place of the *Pithecanthropus erectus* in our genealogical tree, it certainly will be ascertained in time, when more “missing links” will gradually fill up the present gap. In the mean time the genealogical trees of the *Hominidæ* and the *Simiidae*, which were published last month in the correspondence arising out of Dubois's communication, are considered by their authors themselves (Dr. Cunningham, Professor Sollas, and Dubois<sup>2</sup>) merely as graphical suggestions. One thing is, however, certain. Although Dubois's *Pithecanthropus* is, of course, very much posterior to organisms which might claim the ancestorship of both the

anthropoid apes and man—such organisms belonging to a far more remote epoch than the Pliocene—it must be placed, nevertheless, a long way off from man, on the line leading to those ancestors. Upon this point scientific opinion is unanimous; and it hardly need be said how encouraging such a progress, due to one single discovery, is for further research. At the same time it must be pointed out that already the fossils discovered by Dubois contain some very precious indications as to the lines upon which evolution was going during the latest periods of the earth's history.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### THE HEIRS OF KELLIE.

AN EPISODE OF FAMILY HISTORY.

##### CHAPTER I.

Sir Walter Oliphant of Kellie in Fife was a man who had grown old amid many perturbations of the State and of the house. In Mary's stormy and troubled day he had been, as many were, not so certain in his beliefs, either political or religious, as a person of so much consequence in his county ought to have been. He had been the queen's man, and he had been the king's man, without, however, being either a time-server or a turncoat. He was one of those who would have given his life to prove his queen's innocence, but who all the time could not but feel that this would be a poor argument, and no evidence at all, against the cold chill of doubt that lingered all the time even in his own heart. And his reason was convinced of the advantages of the English alliance, and that everything must be risked rather than King James's heirship, notwithstanding the strong revolt in his heart against that which was so likely to follow, the abandonment of Scotland, and ebbing away of her dearly bought glory and the pride of her independence, second to none. But all the active struggles of life had died away from him when he sat in his old hall, in the dreary years after the court had gone away

<sup>1</sup> “British Association Reports,” meeting of 1892, section of Anthropology.

<sup>2</sup> *Nature*, December 5 and 19, 1895; January 16 and 30, 1896; vol. lili. pp. 116, 151, 245, 296.

to London, drawing so many with it; and the change had stricken to the heart of Scotland, as wise men had known it would, although all the country had cheered and shouted when their king assumed the English crown, as if it had been by his prowess and for their greatness that he had won that other kingdom. The land was subdued and troubled in these days, yet did not venture to complain; for had not they desired that which had come to pass? And the Kirk was troubled and uncertain too, alarmed by threatenings of interference, though no great thing had yet been attempted, and the ministers still had dominion more or less, and, though many things were tolerated that had been condemned, still guided most things their own way.

But all the affairs of the world had grown dim to Sir Walter Oliphant, sitting in his little warm chamber—the room of panelled and carved oak, which opened from the hall of Kellie Castle, as all the chief rooms did and do to this day, without any chill of corridors or passages, but one room out of another, after the ancient fashion. He sat by his fire, and his mind was full of thoughts. He was an old man, but not so old in years as in condition. His life, which had been a stirring one, was far off from him, as if it had been a dream. There were times when it came up into his mind like a tale that had been told, with which he had little to do—the time when he was stout and strong, and rode out to feast and to fight, and came back to hear the shouts and the sports of his boys making the rafters ring. He thought of all these things sometimes vaguely, as of things that had been; but at present his occupation was chiefly to keep himself warm, and to think who should be the heir of his castle and his lands when he should be carried for the last time down the winding stair. He was not much concerned about that, any more than he was concerned for all that had happened to him in the past; but the thought of who should have Kellie after him was still real in his mind.

That the natural heirs were gone had caused him bitter sorrow in his day; but even that had grown far away and dim to him, and all his life had shrunk into the routine of getting up from his bed and going back to it—both tiresome processes—and swallowing the food that had no taste, and sitting by the fire that had so little warmth. Only this one thing held him, the great care of making up his mind who was to be the heir of Kellie in the days when he should be there no more.

It was not that he was without kin or heirs at law. There was one even at his own hearthstone who might well have ended all difficulties, being its natural inheritress. Though Sir Walter was an old man, he had a sister who was little more than a girl, though that is a strange thing to think of. His father had lived long, and had made a foolish marriage in his old age, and left behind him a child much younger than his grandsons, and who was like a grandchild to her brother. She had grown up in the house, the plaything of everybody, her right to her home never doubted, yet without any position in it. When the others disappeared Jean remained, and it might be that the father bereaved felt in the bottom of his heart some grudge that she of whom no account was made should continue when the loftier heads were laid low. But if this was in his heart he did not betray it. She grew and blossomed out, and came to her full height, which was not small, and was now of an age to be considered the lady of the house. And no doubt, the old knight might easily have given her to a fitting wooer, and thus found himself an heir among the best blood of Fife; but of this he never thought, nor of Jean his little sister as in any sense his successor. It angered him greatly when Master Melville of Carnbee kirk and parish took it upon him to speak a word to this effect, "Her, the heiress!" cried the old knight, with a roar in his throat like a wounded lion. And he would not speak to Master Melville again for many a day.

"And wha but her should be the

heir?" said Mistress Marjory, the old nurse, who had long been the housekeeper at Kellie, and to whom Jean was as the light of her eyes. "Waes me for all the bonnie lads that are away! and no an Oliphant left to keep up the honor of the old house. But though she's but a lass she has the blood as well as any one, knight or lord, that ever owned the name. And wherefore should she not get a good man and raise up the race?"

"If she had a good man the morn the race she would raise up would be for his house and no hers," said Neil Morison, who was the head of the other section of the household, and in most things opposed to Mistress Marjory. He gave forth a dry laugh, as was his wont, and added, "For all so grand as ye are, the name never comes from the side of the distaff. That's aye something to our side."

"There's times," said the housekeeper, "when nae less a thing than a crown comes from that side—as is well kent in poor auld Scotland this day."

"Ye may say that," said Neil, forced into sudden sympathy, "and if we had vanquished thae English loons by our swords and our spears, as it is written in Scripture, it would hae been the better way."

"Oh, hold your tongue with your spears and your swords! It would set ye better, Maister Morison, to do what you can with our auld knight and keep sore injustice out of his head—for who should have the lands after him but his ain flesh and blood?"

"It would never do, it would never do," cried Neil. "A lass! that couldna keep her ain heid, and muckle less the old Oliphant lands—that are not what they used to be, lack-a-day, whoever was the heir."

"What are they colloquing about, the two great rulers of the house," said a young voice, bursting in as its owner did, with a sudden gush of fresh air and the fragrance of the out-door world, "putting each other in mind of the greatness of the Oliphants, now that it's like the flowers of the forest, and a' wede away."

"Mistress Jean! and a' in a confusion, your hair about your haffits, and the lace torn off your rising-coat! What has happened to you? Will ye never mind what a' the house tells you, that it sets you not, a lady like you, to ride a powney about the roads like a farmer's lass?"

"Or maybe worse things than that," said Neil, who had risen hurriedly to his feet on the young lady's entrance, and shot this Partisan arrow at her as he went away.

"I will shoot that auld carle some day if he looks at me so," she cried, with a sudden gleam of anger, then laughed and clapped her hands, "with my bow and arrows," she added, merrily. "We'll put him against the castle wall, and pin him to't like that bonny saint in the old picture. What's happened, said she? A great deal has happened. I have had a grand adventure, Marjory, simple as I sit here."

"Oh, bairn, bairn!" cried the housekeeper, "you'll just break my heart."

"It's been broken so often, and aye mended again," said the girl. "Wait till I tell you. I was rattling along on the Pittenweem road, my pony and me, very well pleased with the fine day, and just singling to ourselves, for it was too sunny to keep silence; when lo! I was aware of a horse's hoofs coming pelting after me. I thought what you said, never to mind, but just keep the road quietly and pay no attention. I would not even give a look over my shoulder to see if it was one of the Anstruthers or Roland Dishington, till I came to a corner and gave a glint. And it was a muckle trooper on a muckle grey horse, not canny to see, and no another soul within sight."

"Lord bless my soul! ane of the disbanded Greys!" cried Marjory, lifting up her hands and eyes. "Oh, lassie, lassie! will ye never learn?"

"My heart was in my mouth," said Jean, whose eyes were dancing, however, with excitement and triumph, "but I had to keep up my courage. I gave the pony just a touch to speed her on—and you know she cannot thole even a touch, she has such a spirit.

And then there came a muckle voice, as muckle as the man, calling to me, Hey, my bonnie lass! and hey, my bonnie bird! The cannaillye! to use such words to me!"

Jean's eyes shone with a momentary gleam of rage and shame. "It is maybe my fault," she said, "as ye are always telling me, to ride alone; but who would I get to come behind? No Maister Morison, the major-domo, nor Jamie Webster, that is everybody's man, nor Jaicque the groom. No, no; there's nobody to follow Jean; so I must either bide in the house or ride my lane."

"My darlin'! and what did he do?"

"Oh, no harm," cried the girl, laughing, "since here I am, and none the worse but for the lace on my cape, that he gave a snatch at as he came up thundering, till I thought it was a real charge of cavalry, and I would be ridden down."

"Lassie! and how did ye escape? For gude sake dinna keep me in my trouble."

"There is no need for trouble," said Jean, "since here you see me; though I allow," she added, with a pleasure in working upon the old lady's fears, "that a minute longer and I cannot tell what I would have done; for he had gripped my cape in his hand, though the pony was just flying, and the muckle grey horse thundering, and my heart bursting out of my throat with fright and fury." She paused, half from the keenness of the recollection and half maliciously, to pile up the agony.

"And then? and then?"

"Then?" said Jean, looking innocently into her old nurse's face. "Why, then! there was just nothing more."

"Oh, bairn! you are enough to drive ten women out of their senses."

"Well," said Jean, "I will admit there were causes for it. But just at that moment there came another galloping, just as muckle a horse and as muckle a man, on the other side. And my man he dropped hold of my cape, and tore the lace off it with his glove, as you see. And the pony, she just set

her feet to the ground as if she were riding a race, and the new man and my man they faced each other. I'm thinking nothing happened: I saw with that eye I have in the back of my head that they rode up to each other awfu' civil, like two towers; and then the trooper he took the turn to St. Monance, and me I flew up the Carnbee road, and the grand adventure was done. You can see I'm not a prin the worse, except my riding-cape, and Kirsten must just sew on the lace again."

"And that was a'!" cried Mistress Marjory, relieved, but at the same time a little disappointed to hear no more.

"All! was it not enough?" said Jean; "would you have had me assaulted on the king's highway, and put in peril of my purse, that has nothing in it, or maybe of my life, which has not very much—" Jean made a pause, and then, looking up demurely, she said in very quiet tones, "No; it was not all."

"Oh, my hinny,—you just play upon me as if I were a fiddle."

"You are much more like a harpsichord," said Jean, contemplating the housekeeper's ample person reflectively. "Yon man after he had dispersed the trooper never came rushing up as Roland Dishington or one of the Ansters would have done, but just rode steady behind as if he had been my servant." The word has or had two meanings, and probably the second of these flashed over her memory, for she made an almost perceptible pause and reddened. "I was still a little feared; and what did I do but head the pony for yon house you know, of Over-Kellie, where you never would let me go—"

"And then?" cried Mrs. Marjory again, breathless.

"Well, they came fleeing out, and he, he came riding in. And it was who would be the most concerned, and was I hurt and was I frightened, and would I bide and rest? The leddy—or is she the gudewife?—for I could not tell—"

"Some calls her the one and some the other," said Marjory shortly.

"Never you mind. You'll be telling me now the man that came up and—saved ye was—"

"That is just it," said Jean, "and if you'll tell nobody, Marjory, I'll just whisper in your ear—he's a bonnie lad."

"Mistress Jean!" cried the house-keeper in consternation.

"Well! say he's just a country fellow, and no grand cock to his hat, nor lace on his coat; I am not saying he's a grand gentleman. But I have a pair of sharp eyes in my head—you are always saying that—and I cannot but see what's set before them. He is a bonnie lad; and that is just as true as all the rest."

"What do you call a' the rest?"

"You know as well as I do; or maybe you know better," said Jean, with a little indignation; "because he is Peter Oliphant, and because he is the next of kin, that's not to say that he is not a bonnie lad!"

"It might be a good reason, Mistress Jean, for you kenning naething about him, and no going out of your way to make acquaintance with him—"

"Me go out of my way to make acquaintance with him! Neither him nor any man, if it were a prince or a king! It was he that came out of his way to protect a lass he knew nothing of when he saw she was in need. Maybe you would have thought it better had he left me to the trooper?" said the girl, with much indignation.

"Oh, no that, no that," said the old woman; "but it would have been better you had not put yourself in the way of wanting protection, my bonnie leddy—no from him nor from any man!" she said.

"You forget who you are speaking to," cried Mistress Jean, with quick anger, flinging away. But she came back next minute to fling her arms round her old nurse's neck. "And that's true," she said; "I was just thinking so myself."

#### CHAPTER II.

While this was going on, Sir Walter was sitting in his warm panelled cham-

ber, pondering by the side of the fire. His old castle, which was not one of the famous strongholds of the time, but yet an ancient house dating far back into the mist of ages, and standing four-square to all the winds that blew, a house that time could scarcely wear more than the rocks, would soon be a desolate and masterless house. Since the days of Bruce the Oliphants had been there, and the first lord of Kellie had good King Robert's blood in his veins. But now there was no one to come after him in the old home of his race. The gloom of that consciousness had settled down upon his mind, and filled him with an immense and indescribable darkness in which he went tottering, seeking for something to replace what was lost, though by moments he was not very clear as to what it was that was lost, which made it necessary for him to grope in the dark and seek that substitute. And his thoughts were very slow, wandering, and confused, though they always came back with unbroken persistency to the one point. Who should have Kellie after him? Who would replace the heirs who were no more? This had been the preoccupation of many years; it almost seemed as if all his life he had been thinking of it. His own active days had vanished away, and all the adventures and troubles that had filled his house with rejoicing and with wailing. Sometimes while he sat musing on that one sole question he would be surprised by a recollection of himself, as in the days when he rode in Queen Mary's train, or those in which he hung about the ante-chambers at St. James's, half proud to feel himself one of the new masters there, half furious to see the dark looks which the southern lords threw upon King James's train. Was that himself? or one of the former Oliphants who held a larger train at Kellie? or perhaps one of the young ones—the lads, the—, those who ought to have been here to receive Kellie from his hands. Their faces would sometimes flash out from his memory too. Who were they, old heirs of Kellie slain in the wars, or lost in the wildering

world, never coming back to claim their heritage? And who was to have it now? Who would keep it safe, and guard all its rights and keep up the auld name? On this subject his thoughts would clear, his mind retained its force. It was the one clear point in the misty universe of dreams that surrounded the old man.

Almost his only visitors were the clergymen of the two neighboring parishes, each of which claimed Kellie Castle as part of its own. He retained enough of his natural keenness to perceive that each of them took a different side in this great question, and sometimes to play upon their contradictions with something of the pleasure which the quarrels of priests and women between themselves so often afford to a man of the world. The difference between them gave him a vague amusement, or something at least as like amusement as he was capable of. Master Melville of Carnbee was a Reformation minister who had known John Knox, and who, though of a much milder temper, was yet very strong as to his duty of speaking in season and out of season, and letting no man avoid or mistake his duty without full warning of it; but Sir John Low at Pittenweem was no better than a mass priest the country folk said, and loved the great, and to speak smooth things, flattering the old laird and supporting him in taking his own way. Sir Walter listened to what they said on both sides, but he was little moved by their arguments. What he was really doing while he seemed to be listening was slowly settling upon his own plans, and deciding for himself while they talked, which neither of them was at all unwilling to do. It was Mr. Melville who was his visitor the day after the incident in the last chapter, a grave man of gentle manners, with a black velvet cap upon a bald head.

"What are ye saying?" said Sir Walter. "Reason gude—ay, I've reason gude for all I say to you. It's no fit that an auld race should die out of the land."

"And yet," said the other, in the heat

of argument, "if it's so ordained, it's ill striving with the will aboon. But ye have heirs in plenty at your hand, and little danger of your name. How often must I be telling ye, Sir Walter Oliphant, there is your ain father's daughter, your ain flesh and blood, the one that has the best right? Where would ye go further than your ain ingle-side? Who could be so near to you? and young and likely and one to raise up heirs—always if it be the Almighty's will——"

"Who's that?" said the old knight. "Jean! a bit lassie! how often have I tellt you, minister? Just as often as you have telled me. What would I do with a lassie in my seat, that could neither keep the house nor keep her head, a thing with neither might nor right? Na! that will not do for me."

"She would get a man," said Mr. Melville.

"Ay, she would get a man! little doubt of that; and my auld lands would be sweepit up into lands that march with mine, and there would be an Anster of Kellie, or a Dishington, or a Lindsay, or the Lord knows what. No! if I have said it once I have said it a hundred times, nae lass shall reign and rule in my auld house."

"Well-a-well, well-a-well! if ye say so," said the minister, "I have no certain teaching about the heirship of a woman, though the daughters of Zelophehad had a portion with their brethren, as we read in the Book of Numbers; but I would not force the word of the Lord, and that might be a special case. But ye know well, Sir Walter, as well as I do, that failing her, there's one of your blood no far from your door that is as weel capable of keeping his ain house and his ain head as Arthur and a' his knights. And that is Peter Oliphant of Over-Kellie——"

"Pah!" the old man spat vehemently into the smouldering fire. "I will have none of him—a country clown—a callant from the plough. And what was his father but a clown before him, with no more spirit of a gentleman than Neil, my man?"

"Neil," said the minister, "is a decent

man now, whatever he may have been; but would pocket a crown-piece and hold his tongue if any grand gallant had need of him; whereas your cousin of Over-Kellie, Sir Walter——"

"Cousin! a hundred times removed!"

"Is it you I hear shaming your own blood?" said the other. "Me, I am maybe a hundred times, as you say, or more, removed from the head of my name; but I have yet to learn," the minister added, raising his head, "that the strain of the younger is less pure than the strain of the elder when it flows in an unbroken and lawful line."

"I ken, and we all ken," said Sir Walter, subdued, "minister, that there's no better name in Fife——"

"I am standing upon no such vanities," said Melville. "Your cousin has neither been at the college nor at the court, Sir Walter, and maybe as well for him in these evil days; but he's a handy man at weapons, and a lad that kens his own mind. There's no man in the parish better kent or better liked, or more a man of his word. I ken but little of my Lord Oliphant, or of his house; but well I wot there is not a better in it than Pate, or one that can master him, or daunt him, among the best of his name."

"Ye mean the lad to wed one of your lasses, that you are so hot upon him," Sir Walter said.

"I ken well," said Melville, "what lass I want him to wed; but she is none of mine. Will you see the young man, Sir Walter, and judge for yourself? I will bring him to you in my hand, for he has always been a good lad to his minister; though he would not set foot over your door-stane for other motives."

"And wherefore," cried Sir Walter, "would this farmer-lad no set foot over my door-stane?"

"For an evil reason," said the minister; "for pride, and a high head that would not stoop before any man but the king."

"Ha! ha!" cried the old knight; "bring me this clown with his high head that would not stoop under the door of Kellie Castle. Bigger men than him

have entered at that door—ay, and stooped too, and even bitten the dust before them that owned it. He's then a deevil of pride and conceit, this yeoman lad of yours?"

"Ye are right, and again right, Sir Walter," said the minister, gravely, "when you say that pride, the pride that you, and even myself, that should ken better, take in the vanity of a name—is a devilish thing."

"If that were all!" Sir Walter said, with a snap of his thumb and finger, which failed and gave no sound. He paused, and his countenance grew grave as he observed this, looking with a half piteous surprise at his own large, feeble hand. "I canna even snap my thoom," he said under his breath. Then with a feeble wave of that hand to his companion, he added, "If it's to be done, lose no time."

This was the warrant upon which the minister brought Peter Oliphant to Kellie Castle. He had as much trouble with the young man as he had with the old. The house of Over-Kellie was still excited with the flying visit of Mistress Jean when the minister reached it; and the leddy, or the gudewife—for Marjory said truly that she was called sometimes one and sometimes the other, according to the courtesy or indifference of her rare visitors—could not be persuaded that the extraordinary mission of the minister had not something to do with that exciting incident. The mistress felt that her Peter was called to the castle to receive the hand of the princess, who must have found time enough in the ten minutes of her stay to fall in love with him; and that this event at once and forever established his claims as heir-at-law, and made Kellie Castle his. The young man naturally was more hard to be convinced; but he too was excited, and not in perfect command of his faculties. If Jean had discovered that he was a bonnie lad, he had still better means of discovering that she was fair enough to dream of; and though this encounter had made her first aware of him, it was by no means the first time that her humble cousin had seen the young

lady of Kellie. And, in the glow of pride with which he remembered, though no such claim had ever been acknowledged, that he was the undoubted next of kin, there was, perhaps, something of a more generous fervor, a warm and noble sentiment towards the friendless girl to whom the head of the house, as all the countryside knew, was little more gentle than towards himself. When Sir Walter died, it was he who would be the nearest in blood to her to defend her rights or herself. The Lord Oliphant might be the head of the name; but he was a man who loved gear, and was secretly operating, as all the countryside believed, to draw the lands of Kellie and the old castle to himself.

It was therefore with no small exaltation of mind that Peter Oliphant flung his bonnet upon his head, notwithstanding his mother's prayers that he would put on his better suit and the hat in which he appeared at kirk and market, to show his better breeding. "I will not stand covered in Sir Walter's presence," he said; "and, as for my clothes, they're well enough. He knows me for a country loon, whatever fine suit I might wear."

"Loon, did the laddie say? and what next? I would like to see either knight or yeoman, in all Fife, that would dare to call Peter Oliphant loon," his mother said.

"And so would I," he said, with a laugh. He was strong and straight and tall, with the brown hair and the laughing eyes that belonged to his race. But they were eyes that could look fierce enough when occasion required.

"By my troth, I would like that better," he continued, as they set out; "a bout at single-stick, or a good frank blade, I am not that ill at; but what am I to say to the old laird? a man wants leir for a presence-chamber, even if it's but an old knight's."

"You have leir enough for that," said the minister. "if you would but mind half that I have put into you, at the point of the sword, as a man may say."

"A little Latin, and a shelf of old books," said Peter; "but you would not

advise me, Maister Melville, to tirl off a verb to Sir Walter, even if I could mind it, the first time he has bethought himself that I am alive and within reach."

"My lad, I would not lippen to his bethinking himself," said the minister; "just you mind it's mostly my doing, and my credit's concerned. Na, I will not tell you, not a word, what to say; nature will tell you, and that fine spirit of your ain that never let you be overly modest before me. And I hope, so far as learning goes, I am of more account than Sir Walter, if that was of any consequence."

"Little doubt of that," said Peter; but he was wise enough to know that this was indeed of very little consequence, and that it was an extremely different thing standing before the minister in Carnbee manse, though he was a man of learning, and thus stepping suddenly into the presence of old Sir Walter, though he had no letters at all.

#### CHAPTER III.

Peter Oliphant went into the great hall of Kellie Castle with very mingled feelings. Though he had lived all his life almost within sight of the home of his race, he had never crossed the threshold before; and a kind of awe, a kind of defiance, the inalienable attraction of an ancient family house, mingled with the indignant sentiment of a scion of the family upon whom its door has been always closed, made his cheek glow and his heart beat. This, then, was Kellie, which had been the home of his fathers, which might be his home if justice prevailed and the law of heirship and lineage. It was not a splendid place to overawe him. The house of Kellie was not rich. Whatever superfluity the family had ever possessed Sir Walter and his sons had managed to get rid of in the days when they went to England with King James—perhaps, like so many Scotch gentlemen, in hope of advancement, but, like so many more, only wasting their small substance in a brief attempt to hold head among the great English lords ten times as rich as they were.

There were few signs of grandeur in the hall: a little show of silver on the buffet; heavy old velvet curtain with tarnished embroideries; some carved furniture of noble workmanship, marked with the three crescents of the family arms. Those arms were dimly blazoned, too, on the high, carved mantelpiece, with that proud motto which poverty turns into a brag or a jest, according to the humor of the wearer—*A tout pourvoir*. Peter knew that much at least, if no other word, of the French tongue, and had said it over to himself many a day. It was but a sad word in the old house that had little to provide and few to provide for—none but the old man and the helpless girl. But if ever this house should come to the strong hands, that if strength and labor and daring could do it would, so help him heaven! carry it out to the letter! Peter's head, all throbbing and resounding with excitement, was in a state of exaltation to which he had never felt the parallel. And as it happened, the first thing that met his eye was Mistress Jean, the heroine of the other day's half-adventure. She was seated on a stool in the recess of the great window, with a great book clasped in her arms, too heavy to hold, and over which she was stooping, bent almost double. Jean's kirtle was not so well preserved nor her snood so fresh as those of his own little sister at Over-Kellie; and to his yeoman's eyes she was doing nothing useful, nor perhaps able to do anything useful—a creature not made for common occupations, but to be kept in sweet leisure and pleasure like one of the lilies of the field. *A tout pourvoir!* Here was one of the things for which it would be his duty to provide. The thought brought a sudden glow over him—the heat of resolution and enthusiasm. It was the climax of all those mingled and tumultuous thoughts that had been surging in his breast.

Jean looked up at the sound of the heavy steps ringing upon the floor, and, throwing down her heavy book, darted forward; but, seized with a sudden access of shyness, stopped and drew

back before she had come up to the visitors, and stood looking at them—herself a very pleasant image, impetuous yet timid, her figure suddenly arrested in all its swiftness of motion, her lips in their meaning of speech. The sight of Peter Oliphant, so unexpected an apparition, made her dumb.

"We have come, Mistress Jean," said Mr. Melville, "to speak a word with Sir Walter, so please you, and by your brother's ain desire."

"By his—ain desire!" Jean looked at the pair before her. The well-known figure of the minister, and the other, so much more interesting, still in all the novelty of recent discovery, a personage not precisely like the young Ansters of her acquaintance, wanting something, possessing something, a different kind of being. Indeed the rustic young gentlemen were but little superior even in breeding to this handsome yeoman, with his great maturity and higher consciousness of life and its struggles. They were good to laugh with, to mock at, to dance with on the very few occasions when such an opportunity occurred. But she had met with a reality of life in the person of this modest yet ardent young man, who reddened when he looked at her, which Jean had never encountered before. At Sir Walter's own desire! was it on account of herself, for some reason connected with that meeting, which some one must have betrayed and reported? This idea had no time to grow, but it flashed upon her suddenly, almost choking her with the sudden rise and hurried pulsation of her heart.

"We will but bide a moment with your permission till Maister Neil comes forth to bid us to the knight's presence," said the minister. "And it will not be long, seeing the hour was fixed by himself."

"There is somebody with him," said Jean; and then her awe of the situation yielding a little as she grew familiar with it, she laughed and added, "It is one you do not love."

"And who may that be?" said Melville. His question was answered in a way much more significant than any

reply of hers. The curtain over the door of Sir Walter's sitting-room was audibly thrust back, without, however, revealing immediately the person coming forth; and a voice said, speaking to the old knight within, "My lord shall hear every word of your good intentions, every word! It is the thought of a true kinsman, whatever comes. Be sure my lord shall hear; and farewell, sir, and the blessing of God."

The new-comer paused to draw the curtain back to its usual folds, covering the door, and then he turned round, and with a hasty exclamation of surprise became aware of the group in the hall. He was more conspicuous in his dress as a clergyman than was the minister of Carnbee, with something on his dark head that suggested a tonsure, though no such mark of the beast was permitted in Scotland, and wearing the cassock of a priest. He came forward, however, with much appearance of cordiality, "Ah, Brother Melville, it's long since we met! If we've both come on the same ghostly errand, I wot our penitent will get something confused in his belief."

"I come on no ghostly errand," said Mr. Melville, "but concerning the affairs of this fleeting world: which have their importance too, as you will agree with me."

"That do I—and whiles more bewilddering still," said the curate of Pittenweem, rubbing his hands. "We have no doubt the luck, my kind neighbor, to take different views on that subject too."

"It may be so," Melville replied gravely, but he added no more. He had no inclination to disclose his hand, as his opponent had done involuntarily by those last words behind the curtain. Low of Pittenweem looked at him fiercely, but without any visible change of tone.

"And how's all with you, Pate?" he said with a smile. "I heard a bonnie story the other day of one of these wild soldier fellows that are just a pest on the roads, and how he was scared away and took the road west, meddling with no person: for fear of a certain

muckle rider, bigger than himself, from the Over-Kellie gait."

"Oh, and it was me, Sir John!" cried Jean; "and the loon was after me on my pony, till there came in sight—" Jean stopped suddenly, crimson all over, half with annoyance at herself for having spoken, half because of the smiling glance which Low directed from her to Peter Oliphant, and back again—a smile which developed into a low laugh of malice, and which filled her with unaccountable shame.

"There came in sight—the palladin, the grand knight"—he said these words to the accompaniment of his laugh, till every line of Peter's rustic dress, the blue bonnet in his hand, the heavy shoes on his feet, seemed to come out under the sarcastic look, as if the curate had been holding up a candle to show their roughness. And then he turned away, still laughing softly to himself, and rubbing his hands. "I will not interrupt such braw company," he said. "Good-day to you, Mistress Jean; and I wish ye, madam, a good fulfilment to all your virtuous wishes; and one of those days ye can tell your mother, Pate, I'll come in for a crack, and to hear the country news. Brother Melville, we'll probably not be so long, you and me, this time of meeting again."

"Maybe not, Maister Low," said Melville.

"Wherever the — is, there will the eagles be gathered together," said the other, going lightly towards the door, with a wave of his hand and a nod of his head. Mr. Melville drew a long breath.

"That is no canny forerunner," he said. "Peter, my good lad, for you and me; but I will haste and see if the auld knight is wearied, or if he'll see you still. Bide here for me."

When Peter was left alone with the young lady, there was a pause of much embarrassment between these two young people, so suddenly brought together by malicious suggestion, and by the involuntary flash of thought that went from one to another, in the unlikely and unexpected combination,

in which all suddenly, in a moment, they had been placed. Jean, who was full of saucy words at other times and in other company, at this moment, when she would have given all her small possessions for the power to throw one jibe at him, could not find a word to say. It was Peter, whose grave mood had more solidity and could better resist the excitement of the situation, who was the first to speak. "I have a charge from my mother, Mistress Jean, with her duty—which is maybe more than is due from her to you; but my mother, Lady Jean, though she is the best woman in the world, was but a farmer's daughter, and cannot get out of her head that the laird's daughter is a princess in the land."

"I have no quarrel with her for that," said Jean, restored to herself; "but if I am a princess you will maybe live to be the king. Here we are, us two, and it's between us, Maister Peter. You are the just heir; but I am the more just if it were not that I am a lassie, and whose fault is that? I am sure it is by no will of mine."

"My Lady Jean," said Peter, "you say well it is my just right, as the next man of the blood; but if by Sir Walter's will it should fall to you, as may be—mind you this, whatever happens, I'll stand for you through fire and water, and be your man, and a true kinsman as long as I live."

"No me!" cried Jean, giving a spring in her excitement. "If it falls to you, I'll fight you every step, and go to the law with you, and never yield while I've breath!"

Peter looked at her with a tender admiration—but that ineffable way of taking the girl's hot words as if they meant nothing, which not even love itself can make palatable to a girl. "Well-a-well," he said gently, "the one thing and the other they mean just about the same."

"But nothing of the kind," she cried, almost with a soft shout of passion. "nothing of the kind! they mean—" here it suddenly struck Jean quite irrelevantly, as he stood before her with a deprecating smile, by every turn

of his figure and change of his face recommending himself to her, seeking to please her, asking nothing better than to serve and help her,—suddenly and supremely that he was a bonnie lad, that nobody had ever looked at her like that, nor spoken to her like that before. She stopped and gasped and put out her hand to him, which was as unexpected as any other of her movements. "Cousin Peter," she cried, "there's my hand upon it; we'll be grand enemies! we'll be true as auld Sir William's sword, that he kept the castle of Stirling with, that hangs there upon the wall. We'll fight fair, and never say an ill word one of the other. And there's my hand."

She expected nothing but a comrade's grasp; but young Pate of Over-Kellie had the gracious manners of the old chivalry, without knowing whence they came. He stooped low almost to his knee, and kissed the hand held out to him—an unlooked-for homage which altogether overwhelmed the rustic maiden, who was scarcely by her own nature a lady of romance. And at that moment the heavy curtain was drawn, and Mr. Melville's head put out calling Peter. The sudden light of a delightful smile shone over the minister's face. "Ah!" he said, with a soft laugh, which was not of ridicule but content. It was enough, however, to send Jean back to her window-seat, all one blush, and to make Peter draw himself up almost to more than his stature, as very red and portentously serious he followed, transported out of all his nervousness about Sir Walter—into the presence of the old knight.

Sir Walter sat by the fire, which smouldered sullenly, as if it felt the inappropriateness of its presence on a warm spring day, as the centre of the scene. But the old master of Kellie was cold, the blood ran slow in his veins, and all the fires of living were as low in him as the dull glow in the coals. The gown in which he was enveloped was lined with fur, and wrapped closely round him; and his head was so sunk into its soft collar that the effect of his upward look was

as if a pair of eyes alone looked over his raised shoulder at the young man who came in. But there was life in the look, which contradicted every other sign of diminished vitality. It seemed almost to strike at Peter like the flash of a blade into the air. The steel-like light quivered, and then suddenly the old man turned his head away. There was a pause, and both of his visitors thought for a moment that the old knight had fallen asleep or lost consciousness—till at last the minister spoke, half alarmed. He touched with a finger the wide sleeve of Sir Walter's coat. "Here is the young lad, Sir Walter. Come in bye, Pate—show yourself—and be not blate. What, man! ye are here in what may be your own house."

Peter took a step forward into the room, opposite to the light which fell full upon him, his somewhat rustic air lost in the temporary exaltation of his look; but Sir Walter had returned to his fire, and looked at him no more. His voice came out of the fur collar of his gown, as out of a cave. "Ay! the young lad, say you? And what is his will, and his errand here?"

"Speak to him, man; speak to him!" said the minister, in an undertone.

"I have no purpose, Sir Walter," said Peter; "but that ye were thought to send for me; and me—I was very willing to come, as your kinsman, and to ask how you did."

"Ay!" said Sir Walter again, "as my kinsman! Blate! I see little sign that he is blate. Let him speak for himself. There are plenty of loons in Fife that will swear themselves my kinsmen, however they came by the name."

Peter was stung by this disdainful speech. "I am no loon," he said, "minister, as you well know; and as for how I got the name, Sir Walter he kens weel, seeing I am but his second cousin, when all is done, twice removed."

"Ah, so! are you all that?" said the old knight; he raised his head, and once more Peter felt himself struck as by a flame. But again the light quivered, and Sir Walter swerved, and his head sank among his furs. Then he

added, averting his look, "What is your will of me, young man?"

"Nothing," said Peter. His heart swelled, a sudden sense of pity moved him for the desolate old age before him—so lonely, so void of all the charities and tenderness which ought to encircle the old. "And yet," he said, a remorseful sense of all his own advantages over this solitary, chilled, and suffering old man melting his spirit, "Sir Walter, if there was any pleasure I could do you, for the sake of the drop's blood between us, and because you have none of your own—"

"Eh! eh! what is that he says?—what is that he says?"

"Sir, I would fain, fain do you a pleasure, if that were possible," Peter said.

It was some time before the old knight spoke. "Gramercy for your kindness, lad," he said; "I have plenty to do for me all I want. I seek no service from the like of you."

"Yet it would be given out of a good heart," Peter said.

These words of manly kindness to the weak, given with an insistence of which Peter, blate of nature as the minister had said—that is, proudly shy of expressing emotion, as it is the drawback of his countrymen to be—would not have believed himself capable, made a curious commotion in the still air of that chamber, where all was stagnant, and life and charity were seldom heard. Sir Walter put out a blanched hand with a gesture to the minister, calling him forward, "Ye have tutored the lad what to say."

"I would think shame," said Melville, "to try to tutor what's native to a gentle spirit. And, Sir Walter, you are more understanding than to believe what you say."

The old knight dropped his head again, and was silent once more. Then he said, without raising his face, with his eyes fixed on the low red of the fire, and a voice half buried in his fur collar, "Did I hear ye say Pate?"

"His name is Peter—"

"Pate," repeated the old man vaguely. "There was once another—but keen,

keen as a hawk, and gallant, and fine in every limb. Not like that yeoman from the fields. Take him hence, take him hence! There is that in the turn of his head that goes, that goes"—he made a pause, and gave forth a long, slow breath—"to my hert!"

And again there was silence. Peter would have stolen away by natural instinct, but did not dare to break the deep stillness by a movement, and the minister stood doubtful, hesitating, afraid to shorten an interview that might have important results, yet afraid at the same time to injure the impression that had been made.

"Ay, Pate," Sir Walter said almost to himself, "Pate—like day to night, like a prince to a churl—but just a turn of the head, a trick of the voice. Eh! ye are still here? is it a service do ye think, young man, to spy on the privacy of one that, kinsman or no kinsman, is the head of your name?" he raised himself, putting his hand upon the table—"in Fife," he added with a faint laugh, "in Fife—saving the rights of my lord. Ay, my lord, that's the question. Well, sir! I thank ye for your coming, and dismiss ye from further attendance. Master Melville, at your leisure I will see you again."

The hall was vacant when Peter, with strange visions through his brain, confused with his own good impulses and the less kind ones that came hurrying after, stepped into it again. He did not know what he had expected or hoped for, but there was disappointment and a little offence in his mind. He was not sure if he had acquitted himself as a man in this unusual trial or if he had failed. He was new to all these strange and conflicting feelings. The old man in his chamber, the death in life which Pate's animated youth had never seen before, and the young lady in the hall, had given to him equally a great thrill and sensation of the novel and unknown. Life seemed to have begun for him to-day.

#### CHAPTER IV.

In Sir Walter's chamber, after that interview, there were many comings

and goings. Sir John Low, as it was still the habit to call the curate, came every day, for the knight, in the many fluctuations of his mind, had at the last swayed towards the ritual and formulas to which he had been accustomed in his youth, and there were consolations boldly administered, though with precaution, by the curate which the minister, although no further removed than the next parish, would have esteemed sinful mummeries and offences to the truth. Mr. Melville gave no absolution, which the curate dispensed with confidence, soothing the aged gentleman with rites by which his wavering mind was supported, though he could not give above half his attention to them, but sat turning over and over in his mind the one question that occupied him even when the viaticum was put to his lips. Sir John came and went, and a silent man from St. Andrews, with a soberly clad attendant bearing a bag full of papers and an inkhorn, also came and went, spending hours in the castle, and called in ever for a new discussion by the major-domo, Neil Morison, who shared all the consultations, to which indeed his master gave but the same distracted half attention which he gave to the rites of the Church. The time had come to him when he could not fix his mind to anything—whether it was those matters which were pressed upon him as for his soul's weal, or those others which were in reality the permanent subjects of his thoughts. Sir Walter, indeed, amid his dreams and distractions, which broke everything with which he was occupied as an image reflected in water is broken by every blowing breeze, was conscious of many people coming and going, who were not seen of men. While he pondered over the disposal of his property, his sons, to whom it should have gone by course of nature, came and went fitfully, more clearly realized at those moments when, in his *malaise* of mind and body, he became impotent of all other thoughts, and turned towards them as of old. Something had brought them back into the still air of that

death-chamber—something which no one knew of, which the old man himself did not understand. It was the look of young Pate Oliphant, the turn of his head, something in his voice, those subtle tokens of kin which come and go, broken always, like that same reflection in water, not to be traced, but thrilling for a moment now and then through every nerve. That fugitive likeness had not inclined him towards Peter of Over-Kellie. It had struck out rather a tone of wrath, of harsh contrariety and opposition in his mind—with the impulse to push that interloper out of his way who dared to remind him of Pate, his own Pate of the other times. In his confusion of mind he did not remember how that suggestion came—had he dared to speak of Pate, this stranger who had no right? He forgot how it came. But Pate and the others had come back; they were vaguely about him, always eluding him when he would have appealed to them—present there he felt, by some secret understanding, known only to himself and them, which if he betrayed it would harm them all. And Sir John, quieting all the vague terrors in the old man's mind in respect to death—terrors only half real, too, for nothing was very real with Sir Walter—mingled other counsels, suggestions of another name in which there perhaps was an escape from the confusion of his soul.

The silent man from St. Andrews disappeared one dim morning when the world was all white, stifled in an easterly haar, after a sitting of an hour with Sir Walter in his chamber—and that afternoon when the minister of Carnbee appeared he was informed that all was nearly over, and that the old knight, who had hung so long between life and death, was in the very act of ending. The curtain was held back that Mr. Melville might enter; but as this was at the very moment when Sir John was bending over the couch of the sufferer administering those rites which were sacrilege to the preacher, Melville solemnly and indignantly withdrew, and stood outside till

all should be over. He stood against the curtain with a stern expression on his face, his eyes half closed, his lips sometimes moving. I fear he was angry that this mummary should be permitted in a "Christian land," and thought many a harsh word of his brother, even while he prayed fervently for the passing soul which these rites were dismissing in peace. A little time after Sir John emerged, solemn too, yet with something of triumph in his look. "He hath gone forth well provided on his last journey," he said; "his end has been peace." "If you call that peace," Melville could not keep from saying; "I hope his end was also justice." "It was judgment," said the other priest, walking back as if in a procession with his little vials; and the old hall, so large, so empty, its great windows full of the whitened mist, the shroud of the haar that covered all things, looked more desolate, cold, bare, and empty of life than words could say.

Before Sir Walter was carried to his rest in the family vault in Carnbee kirkyard it was known all over Fife that Kellie Castle and estates had been left by his will neither to his sister nor to the next of kin, but to the head of the family, my Lord Oliphant, then in London with King James, and not likely to put himself to much trouble in doing honor to the funeral. It is true that he was the head of the family, and also that there existed an additional link in the fact that Sir Walter had married his sister. But the fief of Kellie was one which came not from the parent house, but was acquired for his own hand by the original holder, the founder of this branch, so that its bequest to the chief was no reversion, but a free gift. Lord Oliphant was not rich; and poor as had been the state kept by the old knight in the lingering end of his days, his inheritance was not one to be despised. The knowledge made a great sensation in the neighborhood, where there had been many speculations on the subject, the claims of Mistress Jean and of Pate Oliphant having been

largely discussed. By some of the neighbors it had been believed that Sir Walter had no right to exclude the heir-at-law; but this had been warmly disputed by others, who held that the death of all the immediate members of his own family left the old knight a free hand, and that, in the absence of any legal settlement, he had a right to do what he liked with his own. His funeral brought together all the gentry from that side of Fife, both gentle and simple indeed, of the East Neuk, neighbors and tenants, a numerous company. And at this ceremony the positions of the two clergymen were reversed. Sir John of Pittenweem was not looked upon with very favorable eyes in the kingdom, and his return to the ancient ways, though it had to be winked at by those who were aware that authority was no longer entirely on the side of the Reformed Kirk, and that protection was now extended even to something very like the odious Mass—was much against him in the opinion of the multitude. That he had “played his cantrips” about the dying man was whispered from one to another, and that he was a rank prelatist was universally known. Maister Melville, that excellent and sound divine, had now all the say.

There were other strange features in this funeral which were long remembered. For one thing, there was nobody to conduct the mourning with authority. Peter Oliphant stepped forward to follow the coffin, and no one gainsaid his right to take the place of chief mourner; but he was modest and a little backward in marshalling the others, notwithstanding the support he received from several of the chief gentlemen present, who acknowledged the title of the next of kin, even though it was known that he was not the heir. But was he not the heir? would not natural right prevail, though in opposition to an old man’s testament, a doited old man! These words were freely spoken even as the long procession set out upon the heavy country road, winding dark and silent between the hedgerows. Was he not a doited

old man? Had not he taken, as somebody had related, Pate Oliphant for his own son Pate, who, poor lad, had been but a rover, and broken, folk said, his father’s heart. And there were some even who whispered that it was with the idea that Pate of Over-Kellie was his own Pate, and to punish that ne’er-do-weel, that Sir Walter in his dotage had left his lands away from the natural heir. This discussion, however, was not all or even the most remarkable part of what occurred. For at the cross-roads, where the way to Carnbee turned off from the highway, a young gentleman, followed by three or four retainers, came up almost at a gallop, with every sign of hard riding, and in his travelling-dress, and made an effort to disturb the decorum of the funeral by forcing his horse into the line and taking the place next to the coffin where Pate walked leading the procession. This incident caused a pause, and such an interruption of the solemnity as threw the line of the mourners into confusion, and turned the conventional stillness and whispered conversations of the funeral party into something like a brawl. The newcomer proclaimed himself the representative of Lord Oliphant, his son, sent to render the last honors to his kinsman, and could only be prevented with the greatest difficulty from taking his place forcibly at the head.

This noisy interruption, and the bad manners of the young gallant, who, when prevented from taking the place of Pate, rode on himself and his followers at either side of the coffin, breaking the quiet not only by the excitement of their appearance but by the clangor of their ride, and the breach of all those Scotch decorums which have always been so rigid in respect to burial. Brawling at such a moment was not indeed unheard of, any more than at other moments, in the temper of the times. But the depths of the peaceful country, where no such thing had been thought of, and where my Lord Oliphant had neither friend nor enemy, was displeasing to all. Nevertheless, perhaps, had it not been for

the steady backing of the minister and one or two of the elder men, the position of Pate would have been a disagreeable one; for the sympathies of the gentry were more with the master of Oliphant than with the humbler youth, whose blood they acknowledged, but whose breeding had been that of a yeoman rather than of a landed gentleman. Pate himself, however, proved his gentility by a bearing much more noble than that of the intruder. He held his place with determination and without flinching, yielding no step. And thus they carried old Sir Walter to his grave.

On the return, however, Pate was less certain of his right and less supported. It was the intruder then who had the upper hand. The elder men might look coldly upon so irreverent an assertion of the position; but the younger ones, who knew, or desired to know, the master of Oliphant, were glad to push forward, to claim his acquaintance, and to accompany him back to Kellie Castle, where at least he had now the first right to be. Pate felt himself left behind to the company of the tenants and the smaller lairds, who, like himself, were rather patronized than on an equal footing with the great proprietors. Mr. Melville made an effort to draw him into the quiet of the manse, which would have been safer; but it was more natural that, indignant and injured as he felt himself, he should prefer the sympathy of the others, who were full of angry suggestion and advice. The young man had been profoundly disappointed and cast down by Sir Walter's will. It was the destruction of his brightest hopes; but it had not occurred to him that the question was not closed, or that there might still be a chance of having justice done him. Now the utterances of his companions were no longer in whispers. The doited auld man? Was he indeed a doited auld man? Pate thought of the heavy look, the dreamy eye, the sudden kindling like a flame of Sir Walter's brief words and moments of animation. He shook his head at first, but afterwards his own

mind took fire. It was galling to hear the voices, already gay, of the others who clustered round young Oliphant, and streamed after him, full of pleasure in the excitement of the stranger's arrival, and also in their release from the gloomy ceremony; he and his friends came behind, and different were their tones and their looks.

"It is e'en like the impudence of thae minions of the court," said one of the neighbors, "that follow the English fashion, and despise their native ways."

"English fashion or no," said another, "right is right. Body and banes! If it were me, I would have my lord before the Feifteen before I drew breath."

"And let them prove that the old knight was fit to mak' a disposition——"

"I'll tell ye just this, Over-Kellie," said one of the tenants, raising an expository hand. "I had a word with Andrew Morison, that is the cousin of Neil at the castle, and the hired man of Maister Playfair of St. Andrews, the writer—him ye ken of. He had a look within yon closed cha'mer, at his maister's call, to bring in the papers. And Andrew, he says the auld man was like an auld ghaist—the color o' the pairchment spread out on the table, and his een dead in his heid."

"Which was nowise natural," said another. "I hae seen him mysel', when there was question o' a feu or sicklike, that took his pairt, and a free-spoken man that would hae his argument and tak' his jest like another. You'll no tell me it's the time to test, when a man's like yon."

"If it had been a reasonable testament——"

"Or like a leal kinsman; now Sir Walter was aye considered a very honorable person when he was in his own command."

"Pate Oliphant," said one of his own comrades, "I would fecht till my last drop o' blood, before I wad yield Kellie Castle and your auld name to a popinjay of an English lord."

"My auld name," said Pate, holding his head high, "is in no danger, Beaton, from any man."

"Oh, ay, ay," cried Beaton, impa-

tiently, "we all ken your pride. But Oliphant of Over-Kellie is one thing and Oliphant of Kellie Castle is another; and Lord: if it were but for this day's work——"

"Cause enough, and reason gude for feud or fray; but it's law and not blood that's in the question," said another. "A bit of yellow pairchment and a muckle false seal, and the name of a doited auld man!"

All these speeches and many more of the same kind rang in Pate's ear and echoed through and through him as he rode home.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.  
THE SCOTTISH GUARD OF FRANCE.

The friendships of nations, like the friendships of individuals, are often so strangely assorted as to admit only of the paradoxical explanation that those which differ most in character work best when yoked together. The influence of climate and of race does indeed invincibly assert itself at times of great moment, as, for instance, when the Teutonic nations accepted the Reformation and the Latin nations rejected it; but such critical occasions are rare, and even they can only gradually shake the stability of a popular sentiment that has endured for centuries. England as a nation has not, and rarely has had, a friend; she is isolated, and the world delights to impress her isolation upon her. Once indeed she drew very close to Holland, so close that, after fighting her battles for generations, she offered to make one Republic with her; but the only results were seven of the fiercest naval engagements ever known, and the ousting of the Dutch from their dominion of the sea. The only European people, who, having passed from under our rule, conspired to return to it, were the Gascons at the close of the Hundred Years' War. There can be no more curious example of the caprices of national friendship than this. Normandy and Brittany, nearer to us in breed, climate, and position, joyfully

cast us out; and the hot-blooded province of the South, for all that it had once rebelled against the Black Prince, entreated us to stay.

With Scotland the case was different. She had for many hundred years a friendship, hardly extinguished until the middle of the last century, which brought woes unnumbered both upon England and herself, and many times threatened to overwhelm England altogether. So surely as an English expedition went to France, down came the Scots across the border. The victory of Neville's Cross was won when Edward the Third lay before Calais; the victory of Flodden was won when Henry the Eighth lay before Tournay. The story was eternally the same.

If that you will France win,  
Then with Scotland first begin.

Nothing could shake the friendship of France and Scotland; and it was when France was in her direst need that Scotland came forward to help her in her own territory, and for reward received the high privilege of guarding the sacred person of the French king.

If we are to believe the legend that grew up around the sentimental connection between the two countries, Charles the Fat had a guard of eighty Scots in the year 886; and Saint Louis, when he went to the Holy Land, took with him, according to one authority, the same number of Scotch gentlemen to guard him night and day, and called them Archers of the Body. Charles the Fifth is said to have added seventy-five archers to this corps, of which two were always to be at his side at every meal. But the true rise of the Scots Guard must be traced to those darker days, after the victory of Agincourt and the irresistible progress of Henry the Fifth had wrung from France the Treaty of Troyes and the heritage of the French crown for an English king.

Already in 1418, four years before the death of Henry, the Dauphin Charles had sent ambassadors to the Court of Scotland to beg for aid; and it was then decided by the regent,

Robert Stewart, Duke of Albany, to send a considerable force to France, under his son, Sir John Stewart, Earl of Buchan, Archibald Douglas, Earl of Wigton, and Sir John Stewart of Darnley. Spain provided a fleet of transports, and in May of the following year, a first detachment of four hundred and fifty men, eluding the vigilance of the English, landed in France under Douglas, and was presently followed by seven thousand more under Buchan. Yet another division under John Stewart of Darnley came over in January, 1421, and therewith the Scotch contingent was complete. It consisted, as usual, of lancers armored from head to heel, and of archers who, it was hoped, though in vain, might vie with their more famous brethren of England. Moreover they had learned by painful experience the tactics of the English, and had to all intents adopted them as their own.

Their first encounter with the English a month later was not encouraging, for though they lost but few men, they left in the hands of the enemy the whole of their pay, twelve thousand crowns in gold, which was a blow on a sensitive point. In a very few weeks, however, they took their revenge by defeating the Duke of Clarence at Beaugé, Clarence himself falling by the hand of Buchan, and some two thousand English falling by his side. The victory was really notable, for it marked the first pause in the long flood of English triumph since Agincourt. Charles, the dauphin, was lavish in his rewards; Buchan was made constable of France, the highest military office in the kingdom; the other leaders received grants of land, and every captain some benefit in money or in kind. In fact, for the moment the French seemed to have looked upon their troubles as over; but they were prematurely sanguine.

The defeat of Clarence brought King Henry in high wrath into the field, and French garrisons fell before him like autumn leaves before the wind. No quarter was given to Scotch prisoners, whom he treated as rebels; it was too

much to see his work in France undone by his neighbors in the North, when their king lay prisoner in his hands. So while the French were spared, the Scotch went to the gallows; and this treatment did not make them less bitter against the English. But presently the great warrior was struck down by his last illness. It was hard for him to die at thirty-four, having done so much; but men explained that it was a judgment for having permitted his soldiers to violate the Abbey of Saint Flacre, the son of an ancient king of Scotland. "What," he said impatiently, "I can't go anywhere without being bearded by Scotchmen, living or dead!" Had he lived he would have taken his revenge on this irritating nation; but in a few weeks he was carried slowly across France to his last home in Westminster Abbey, and the Scots were free to take satisfaction from his successor, if they could get it.

They rested not long before they sought it. In July, 1423, Stewart of Darnley laid siege to Crevant, and on the evening of the 31st he was face to face, across the Yonne, with an English force under the earl of Salisbury, which had come to relieve the town. The situation of the English was critical; another army was coming up in their rear, and unless they could force the passage of the river they were ruined. In the course of the night they found a bridge, over which they threw part of their army, and in the morning the rest forded the river in their front, waist-deep, to attack the Scots who were awaiting them on the other bank. The turning movement of the party that had crossed the bridge, and a sally from the garrison in the rear scared away the Gascons, Spaniards, and Lombards who formed part of the French army, and the Scots were left to fight the battle alone. They fought it gallantly; but out-manœuvred and deserted they had no chance, and were cut to pieces where they stood. Robert Stewart was wounded and taken, and three thousand Scots were left dead on the field. The English army did not exceed four thousand men.

Charles now sent Buchan back to Scotland to beg reinforcements, and in the opening days of 1424, ten thousand Scottish men-at-arms, together with other troops, arrived at Rochelle under the command of Douglas. Charles was in raptures; he made over to Douglas the Duchy of Touraine; and for a few months all went merrily, till on the 17th of August the English met the French and their Scotch allies under the walls of Verneuil. The French had twenty thousand men against twelve thousand English; but the latter had with them John Duke of Bedford, Suffolk, Salisbury, and old John Talbot. The French were drawn up in one dense line, with the Scots men-at-arms dismounted, after the English fashion, in the centre under the constable; and cavalry on each wing. The English centre consisted of four thousand dismounted men-at-arms, with archers on the flanks. Bedford brought but ten thousand men into line, two thousand archers being detached to guard the horses and baggage. The whole morning the two armies stood and looked at each other, until at last, at three in the afternoon, the French advanced, and were received by the English with a mighty shout. The French cavalry on the wings charged, swept round the rear of the English, fell upon the baggage, and after capturing some small quantity of it galloped away, making sure that the victory was won. But meanwhile the dismounted men, Scotch and English, had met, and were fighting desperately. For a moment the English gave way before overwhelming numbers, but they recovered themselves, and presently the archers, broken for the moment by the cavalry, rallied, while the baggage-guard, released from all anxiety, hurried up likewise with loud shouts. Then the Scots wavered; the English pressing on broke up the huge battalion, and all was confusion. The slaughter was terrible, for the Scots had warned Bedford before the action that they would neither give nor receive quarter; and they certainly received none. Buchan, Douglas, and his son, were

slain, and five thousand more with them, and two hundred more men of rank were taken prisoners. The English loss did not exceed sixteen hundred. Verneuil was in fact as brilliant an action as ever was fought by the English; it was not till Blenheim that France received such another defeat at their hands.

For the present the Scots could do no more for Charles; and Charles could do no more for the Scots, except to appoint them to be his body-guard; and from the year 1425 it may certainly be said that the kings of France were guarded by Scotchmen. It was not till three years later that King James the First bound himself by treaty to send over six thousand more men-at-arms; and before that time the relics of the original force had received yet another disgraceful beating from the English at the Battle of the Herrings. The problem that was set to them in that action was simple enough, being no more than the capture of an ill-guarded convoy; but the Scotch and the French could not agree as to the method of attack. The former wished to fight on foot, and the latter on horseback. Finally each party attacked in its own style, with the result that the Scotch were very roughly handled by the English archers while the French rode out of range, and that the convoy made its way triumphantly with its Lenten victuals to the trenches round Orleans.

Soon after the tide turned, and under the leadership of Joan of Arc the Scotch auxiliaries took heavy vengeance for their past defeats. It was a Scotchman, Hamish Polwart, who painted her standard; and it was a body-guard of Scotchmen who escorted the French king, under her guidance, to his coronation at Rheims. An old engraving is still preserved which shows them striding into the city, bow and shaft in hand; gigantic men, a head and shoulders taller than any Frenchman, but all bearing the white cross of France on their breasts, and round the hem of their breastplates the name of their master Charles. Dur-

ing the next fifteen years they were incessantly engaged against their old enemies, until in 1444, a truce was made, and the English, reduced to exhaustion by a task beyond their strength, took their last breathing-space before their final expulsion from France.

Charles turned the time of peace to good account. Hitherto English tactics and organization had been far superior to French; but France now shot ahead, and laid the foundation of her standing army by the establishment of her *Compagnies d'Ordonnance*. Of these the first two were composed entirely of Scots and were named respectively the Scotch Company of the King's Body-guard, and the Scotch Men-at-arms. Thus early were the North Britons installed in the place which they held for three centuries and more, the senior corps, both of Guards and of *Gendarmerie*, in the French army. The rank was high and the service was honorable; the whole company of men-at-arms had the grade of gentlemen; they were well paid and sumptuously dressed, and the flower of the youth of Scotland flocked willingly to the French standard. Every man-at-arms had the right to keep a squire, a valet, a page, and two servants, the first three of which places were filled by young apprentices who could all hope to rise from rank to rank until they reached the highest. Stuarts, Murrays, Douglasses, Spens, Cunninghams, Crawfords, Ramsays, and a score more of great names filled the muster-rolls; and some of them, strangely distorted, may still be read in the lists collected in these days by patriotic countrymen.

The brief truce of 1444 was soon broken, and the Scots at liberty to do their worst against the English. Gascony, as has been said, would have clung to England, so a Scotch captain, Robert Patillock, was sent to reduce it to the French allegiance,—as strange an incongruity as can be found in history. The feeble Somerset, whose avarice had done more to destroy English dominion in France even than French military reform, sought to gain

the Scots by bribery, but succeeded only in enticing one Robert Campbell to a traitor's death. France, except Calais, was lost to England, and the Scotch companies were now to fight against new enemies.

A few years later, in 1461, Charles the Seventh died, amid the loud lamentation of his faithful Scots, and there came on the scene the man whom the genius of Walter Scott has identified forever with the Scotch Guard, King Louis the Eleventh, "with the leaden Virgin in his hat." The turbulent French nobles, headed by Charles of Charolais, soon to be known as Charles the Bold, at once turned against him; and at Monthéry the two parties met to decide the issue by force of arms. Louis, alive, as few soldiers of the day were, to the value of rapid movement, allowed no time for his army to be concentrated, but pressed on with a handful of men, his Guards and two thousand cavalry, and meeting the Burgundians attacked them without hesitation. His assault was so impetuous that he routed the enemy's vanguard, which was ill-ordered and undisciplined. But the bulk of the Burgundians were still undamaged, and Louis was so hard pressed that but for the devotion of the Scotch Guard he would not have saved the day. When night came he still held his position, but each side was under the impression that it had gained the victory; and the Scotch Guards finally carried him back in their arms to the castle of Monthéry, where they closed the engagement by beating off a detachment of the enemy's cavalry and severely wounding Charles himself.

Three years later, at the siege of Liège, a sally by the townsmen brought Louis into still greater peril of his life, and put his Guard still more to the proof in defence of his person. True to their charge, they took their stand in the house where he lay, and refused to budge an inch, showering arrows in the confusion impartially on friend and foe, but at all events sweeping the whole turmoil away. Louis then formed a fresh company of Guardsmen, to which none were admitted but gentle-

men of good family, and so gathered yet another hundred Scots around him. In the days of an old age sour and suspicious even beyond those of his prime, the Scottish Guards seem to have been the one body that he regarded with something approaching to confidence; and it was to them that on his deathbed he entrusted the care of his son Charles.

With him they began a new career of adventure; and the country in which the English had made, through Hawkwood, an undying name, looked for the first time, not without amazement, on the Guard that escorted the French king through Florence and Rome. The Swiss, with their military dignity and astonishing order, were the force that most impressed the men, but the Scots in their white jerkins covered with gold embroidery, setting off their stately appearance and their gigantic stature, conquered men and women alike; and many a tender glance, if we are to believe a rhyming French chronicle, was thrown at them as they rode through the streets of Rome. "Each man's a giant, big as an elephant, bold and triumphant; God save them all!" such were the whispers that passed, according to our authority, from lip to lip of the Roman ladies, and we cannot doubt but that they were received with becoming condescension by the Gentlemen of the Guard.

Then, after the idle time of display, came that of serious business. At Fornovo, during the first retreat from Italy, a hundred of the Scottish Guard stood shoulder to shoulder against a charge of Italian men-at-arms, after a fashion not expected of archers taken at such disadvantage, and did great execution with their swords, though in saving the king they left a tenth of their number dead on the ground. But Charles had endeared himself most singularly to his Scotch archers; so much so that one actually died of grief at his death.

After him came Louis the Twelfth, who carried on the enterprise against Italy as vigorously as his predecessor and showed a particular predilection

for the Scots, who served him, volunteers as well as Guards, with more devotion than success, and in the person of Marshal Stuart d'Aubigny earned grateful recognition in the chronicles of Brantôme. The Guard was more fortunate than its chivalrous countrymen. It helped to crush the power of Venice at Agnadel in 1509, and did most notable service against the Spaniards at Ravenna in 1512. At the latter action the French infantry, landsknechts for the most part, had been pretty well beaten by the artillery and musketry of the Spaniards, when two hundred of the Scottish archers came up, armed with axes, and fell on with such fury that they beat the Spaniards back and captured their most brilliant soldier, the Marquis Pescayra himself. So excellent indeed was the service done by the Scottish auxiliaries that Louis in 1513 granted letters of denization to the Scottish people at large, and drew the bond that united the two nations closer than ever.

Shortly after the Guard was engaged in the terrible two days' battle of the French against the revolted Swiss at Marignano, where they behaved so gallantly that a French historian, Joachim du Bellay, vowed he would make the world ring with their fame. Then, ten years later, they learned at Pavia the meaning of a great defeat, and for the first time failed, in spite of all possible bravery, to save their sovereign in the time of need. Pescayra, the same man who had surrendered to them at Ravenna, had been carefully studying the tactics of musketry in the interval, and had taught the Spanish arquebusiers how to maintain a continuous fire which could not only annihilate columns of pikemen, but overthrow the chivalry of France as efficiently as the archers of Crecy had overthrown it. So Francis, his armor dented in a score of places by bullets, was taken prisoner in spite of the body-guard, after the heaviest defeat suffered by the French since Agincourt. The Scotch enjoy the credit of having been cut to pieces around him; but the muster-rolls show

that, how many soever may have been wounded, but few were killed, so the legend must unfortunately be abandoned.

We come next to the strangest tragedy in the history of the Scottish Guards, the death of a king of France by the hand of one of them. The long wars of France and the Empire had for the moment ceased with the peace of Chateau Cambrésis, and the king, Henry the Second, was celebrating the weddings of his sister and daughter with the usual amusement of jousts. He ran two courses against the Duke of Savoy and the Duke of Guise with much skill, for he was one of the best horsemen in his kingdom; and then in an unlucky moment he called on Gabriel Montgomery, son of the captain of the Scottish Guard, and himself second in command, to break yet another lance with him. Montgomery, a big, powerful young fellow, was not very eager; but he obeyed, and struck the king so roughly with his lance as almost to thrust him out of the saddle. Irritated by his failure, Henry challenged him to run again. Montgomery refused point-blank, and when pressed offered every excuse that he could find; the queen also twice endeavored to dissuade the king, but in vain. He bade Montgomery on his allegiance to mount, and the course was run. Both lances were shattered, but the broken shaft in Montgomery's hand flew up, and forcing open the visor of his helmet drove a splinter deep into the king's head above the right eye. Henry dropped his reins and reeled over his horse's neck, but, on being lifted from the saddle, said that it was nothing, and that Montgomery was not to blame. The wound was, however, fatal, and in a fortnight he was dead.

*Quem Mars non rapuit, Martis imago rapit,*

wrote the French court-poet of the day, without noticing the really tragic point in the incident. Gabriel, poor man, also came to a bad end, for he embraced Protestantism, became a

leader of the Huguenots, and after inflicting a severe defeat on the Catholics at Orthez, was finally captured, after a gallant defence of a besieged town, and beheaded in Paris.

His career was emblematic of much that went forward in the sixteenth century. Religious differences, with two such persons as Mary Stuart and John Knox to represent opposing parties, were fast undermining the old friendship of France and Scotland. Scotch Catholics fled to France, and French Huguenots took refuge in England, and England had considerably the best of the exchange. Henry the Third even refused to take a Scotch company of men-at-arms, which had volunteered to serve him, into his pay. England, in fact, was growing too strong to be lightly offended, and the Scotch alliance, since it did not bind the whole nation, was no longer of value. Henry the Fourth was a man far more to the taste of Scotland at large; the old allies helped him to gain his throne, and the Guard, honored by him as by every sovereign, escorted him to his coronation.

So for a short time the ancient friendship was revived and refreshed by tactful compliments from Henry, who gave to all Scots resident in France greater advantages than they had ever enjoyed, and to the Guards in particular his own special protection. But the play was by this time played out. England and Scotland were now united under one crown, and the French began to complain that the recruits for the Guard were not Scotch, but English; and though there had been in the past English companies in the French service, and were yet to be regiments, Royal-Anglais and others, yet the true Englishman preferred as a rule to fight against rather than for France, while Frenchmen, on their part, liked the English better as enemies than as friends. The Scotch Guard rapidly ceased to be Scotch in anything but name. As early as 1612 the corps presented a petition of complaint that two-thirds of its numbers were French,

and that its old privileges were disappearing. James the First took up their cause in England, and endeavored to reinstate them, not without a certain measure of success; but the heart of the matter, the old alliance of France and Scotland, was gone, and nothing but the empty husk remained. There was still the old division of twenty-five Archers of the Body, and seventy-five Archers of the Guard; but French names became ever more frequent, and Scotch names rarer on the muster-rolls.

The outward change came more swiftly in the senior corps of archers than in that of the men-at-arms. The last Scotch captain of the former was appropriately enough the Gabriel Montgomery who had been the death of Henry the Second; and his reign ceased in 1557 the very year, singular to say, when the first Scotch covenant was signed in Edinburgh, and but one year before the final expulsion of the English from Calais. The coincidence is notable, for from the moment that the Scotch ceased to be a united nation the old alliance began to wane. The men-at-arms enjoyed a Scotch chief for some time longer. To all intent the corps was an appanage of the Stuarts of Aubigny, James Hamilton, Earl of Arran, furnishing in 1515 the one break during a century and a half of the eternal recurrence of the same name. But the list of the last five captains is curious. In 1567 James the Sixth of Scotland was appointed at the request of his mother Mary; in 1601 Henry, afterwards Prince of Wales, succeeded him; and in 1620 Charles, Prince of Wales, followed his brother. Then came a captain who brought in a new name, George Gordon, Earl of Enzie, afterwards second Marquis of Huntly. He actually took command of them, and served with great distinction against the Austrians in Lorraine and Alsace; fighting indeed for the French king more resolutely than he ever fought for his own sovereign, though he ended his career on the scaffold through the tender mercies of his brother-in-law Argyll. Finally, in 1645, the year of Naseby, came James, Duke

of York, who fittingly closed the reign of the Stuarts alike over the Scotch men-at-arms and the kingdom of Great Britain. Thus of the five captains three were heirs-apparent to the crown of England, three actually ascended the throne, and two, as if to make a parallel with Gabriel Montgomery of the archers, fell by the headsman's axe.

In 1667 Louis the Fourteenth took the command to himself; and in this very same year there was added to the French service a new corps of English men-at-arms, which took rank after their brethren of Scotland. It was composed of a medley of English, Scotch, and Irish Catholics brought over by a Hamilton of the house of Abercorn. Louis drafted the Scotchmen into the corps of their compatriots, and erected the remainder into the English Company already named, with himself for captain and Hamilton for lieutenant. The new men-at-arms wore, like so many of the French regiments, a uniform of scarlet, which had been adopted twenty years before by the English, while their Scottish comrades wore blue. Both bodies saw plenty of active service, the Scotch meeting the English at Dunkirk Dunes, and the English at Namur, Steinkirk, and Malplaquet. But, as with the archers, both soon became French in everything but name, and in 1788 they were disbanded. Minden was the last battle-field of the Scotch men-at-arms, so that they were unlucky in their final exit from active service.

The senior corps, the original archers, likewise perished in the Revolution, though it was galvanized into a false resurrection after Waterloo, and actually endured until 1830. Though it had long lost its natural character, it jealously retained until the crash of 1789 all its curious old privileges, which, though they led to constant wrangles with other regiments, had been duly allowed by Louis the Fourteenth. He was actually obliged to intervene at his own wedding to compose a dispute as to the precedence of the Scots Guards and the Cent Gentilshommes. "Proud

as a Scotchman" was an old proverb in France, and their successors in the body-guard did their best to justify it. But the most curious survival, long after a word of Scotch had been heard in the corps, was the practice of answering *hamir* (a corruption for *I am here*) when the roll was called, which was religiously maintained, at all events, down to the Revolution.

In truth one has only to look at an old French Army List to appreciate the extreme conservatism of that nation, at any rate in military matters, before 1789. One such list, included in a collection of the forces of Europe, which was prepared by Captain Lloyd in 1761, is now lying before the writer. At the head of all come the Household troops, led of course by the Scotch, then the Gendarmerie, again led by the Scotch, and immediately followed by the English. In the Horse are the Royal Strangers, and Dauphin's Strangers, Royal Croatia, Royal Piedmont, Royal Germany, Royal Poland; in the Guards, the Swiss; in the Line nine regiments called Swiss, five called, and probably rightly, Irish, two German, a Royal Italian, a Royal Bavarian, and a Royal Corsican; and all this at the close of the Seven Years' War. Further. It is particularly noted that certain Royal Scots, "then in the French service," took precedence by Ordinance of 1670 as the twelfth regiment of the French line. If it be asked where they are now, we have only to turn back a few pages to the list of the British army, and there we shall find them as we know them still, at the head of the English line. It does not fall to the lot of every regiment to have been called Royal in two distinct and bitterly hostile armies; but here there is, in the heart of us, a living record of the transition from Scotland and France against England, to England and Scotland against France.

The sight suggests curious reflections, when one thinks of the cost paid to make Royal Ecosseis into Royal Scots.

To go no further back than the thirteenth century, the list of battles is terribly long: Dunbar in 1296, Cambruskenneth, Falkirk (after which Edward tried to accomplish the union four hundred years before his time), Bannockburn, Halidon Hill, Nevill's Cross, Homildon Hill, then passing across the Channel, Beaugé, Crevant, Verneuil, Patay,—all of them Scotch actions, and a hundred minor engagements equally Scotch,—Flodden, Solway Moss, Pinkie, Leith, Haddington, Newburn, Preston, Dunbar, to say nothing of border-raids beyond name or number. And all this, and a great deal more, was needed to unite under one government a country of one race and one language, divided by an arbitrary boundary, and kept apart mainly by their opposing relations with France. England wasted incalculable strength in her mad endeavor to annex the territory of her powerful neighbor to the South, and just when she seemed to have gained her end the Scotch stepped in and spoiled all. The incident was unpleasant at the time, but it was the best service that they could have done to us, and equally to France. It encouraged them, however, on a wrong path, for their true way lay with England; and it is significant that though Scotchmen were happy enough in France, Frenchmen were much the reverse of happy in Scotland. But for the unlucky chance that set such a race as the Stuarts on the throne of England it is possible that Scotch influence might have done something in promoting friendship between United Britain and France; and even as things are, it may perhaps be pleasant for Frenchmen to remember that the most sturdy of those colonists who have fretted her sensitive soul by eternally hoisting the Union Jack in new places are generally of the same race as those who delivered France from the English, and gave to her army the first of all its regiments and to her kings the most faithful guard that ever saved a crown.

From The Fortnightly Review.  
IN THE LAND OF THE NORTHERNMOST  
ESKIMO.

As a member of the second Peary expedition I had, in the spring of 1894, an opportunity of undertaking a sledge journey Eskimo fashion, from the winter quarters of the expedition in Inglefield Gulf to the untrodden shores of Melville Bay. The journey, which was the only long excursion on this expedition, was in many respects executed so simply and so effectively, and resulted in geographical discoveries of such importance, that I venture to think a description thereof will interest even persons outside Arctic circles.

At the commencement of April I began the necessary preparations, which, for more reasons than one, were both few and simple. As regards meat, I had to rely solely on my luck as a hunter, and it was therefore necessary for me to secure a good native companion and fellow sportsman, which I found in my friend Kolotengva. Kolotengva is a young Eskimo of about five-and-twenty years of age, low of stature but well knit, with sinews of steel, and quite incredible muscular strength. His eyes are small, but he sees with them objects far beyond the vision of ordinary mortals. His long black hair is by nature slightly curled, and forms a rather handsome frame around a daring and regular face. As a hunter he has no equal—he reminds me in many respects of Fenimore Cooper's Indian chiefs. Nobody in the whole tribe could be prouder than Kolotengva, nobody more free and independent, nobody cooler in the hour of danger, or more astute during the hunt—in fact, he was a hero. And with him as companion I knew I should pull through.

Our equipment was otherwise simple enough. Of instruments we had a theodolite, a thermometer, a chronometer, a compass, binocular, snow spectacles, charts, scientific tables, etc.; and of food, a little tea, sugar, pea flour, ship's bread, and bacon. In addition, two rifles, fifty cartridges, a small lamp of stone for cooking with seal oil, as there was neither spirits nor paraffin oil to

spare then, some reindeer skins, an axe, and a few extra pairs of socks and leggings. Of dogs I succeeded in borrowing or bartering eight, whilst our sledge was made by Kolotengva and myself just before our start, on native model, with runners shod with polished bone.

On the morning of April 6th everything was ready for the start, and although the weather was a little doubtful, with overcast sky, and the air threateningly "mild" (zero Fah.), we set off in the forenoon. Between the dark, almost perpendicular mountains out in the fjord the fog hung heavy and leaden, and further in, near our winter quarters, a keen, cutting northeaster swept the hills and the ice. We took it in turns to sit on the sledge whilst one ran behind holding to the stand-up steering arms. At racing pace we sped across the ice covered with hard, frozen snow, whilst the weather cleared. The sun does not rise high in the sky so early in the spring in these latitudes, so that we did not derive any warmth from it, but, on the other hand, it remained up so long that we had no cause for complaint. And a long day we needed, for the distance to the nearest Eskimo colony was a stiff one, *i.e.*, close upon seventy miles, and people we must reach that day, as our supper depended on native hospitality.

It was just midnight, with a faint twilight, when we reached the southeast cape of Herbert Island, where our friends dwelt. The spot was called Oloschynni, and the colony consisted of five stone huts, of which only two were then occupied. Here we found one of the most famous bear hunters of the tribe, Nordingjer, who had just returned from several weeks' hunting south, at Cape York. The bears had treated him badly this time, two of his best trained dogs having been killed, and he himself nearly sharing the same fate, to which his clawed-up arm, covered with fur rags, bore witness. Surgery is only but little understood by these people; on the other hand, nature comes to their aid very powerfully.

healing quickly broken bones and wounds which in other climates would require weeks.

The poor man was now seated on his couch, naked, chanting mystic incantations to hidden spirits in order to accelerate the healing of the wound. Fortunately it was healing fast. Before going to rest we had an excellent supper of polar bear's meat, boiled bacon, and ship's bread. The first was frozen, and tasted like melon, at least that is my own personal impression, though it may not be corroborated by others. All the night through two charming old ladies were engaged in sewing me a pair of new seal "kamik-ker," as the Eskimo would on no account permit me to start on our long journey in my old top-boots, in which the toes showed a dangerous tendency to come through. For this work I presented them with a fork, two prongs of which were gone, and five-and-thirty matches.

The next morning there was a thick fog, and as our way lay right across the mouth of Whale Sound to some huts on its southern side, I was at first of opinion that we would have to await clearer weather before being able to set out, as no compass course could be shaped by the chart which here, as everywhere else, proved utterly incorrect, and we might have been poking about at the south side of the sound if we got a bit astray. But Kolotengva only smiled quietly at my suggestions, and opined that it was hard upon him to be accused of not "knowing the way in his own country," even in a fog, and my confidence in him as one of nature's children being unbounded, we set out forthwith for Netchilumi, the next inhabited spot.

For many hours we sledged through the thick fog, so thick, in fact, that we could hardly see the dogs in front of us, but in spite of this Kolotengva succeeded in reaching our destination in a direct line! Some will at once say that he was led by animal instinct; but no, I shall not insult my Eskimo friends by endorsing that view. Nay, the human brain seems pretty much

alike in the main among all wild tribes, and the man only performed what his splendid practical geometrical faculties suggested to him. For the direction of the wind along these shores is generally most remarkably uniform, and if it be a little strong, it will cause the loose fine snow to drift like desert sand. And during this action every tiny speck of snow will shift according to the same physical laws, and shape themselves during their progress into various forms and figures with such regularity that long parallel streaks are formed on the surface of the snow. Now, by observing that the angle between these streaks and the line of march to be followed always remains the same, there is not much difficulty in steadily maintaining the same course; and it was this method Kolotengva followed. During our march across the Greenland inland ice in 1892, Lieutenant Peary and I became accustomed in thick weather to follow the same wind indications, and the traces of them up in these storm realms are far more pronounced and characteristic than further south. Indeed, often the surface of the snow resembles a sea in violent motion suddenly arrested and turned into a cold, still ocean of snow.

Towards evening we arrived at Netchilumi, where we were most heartily welcomed by the settlers, and took up our abode in the hut of the oldest hunter, Terrikotti. With him we spent an enjoyable evening.

His good old woman fried bacon and made tea for us without wanting any particular instructions, whilst Kolotengva chanted weird incantations in the dim light afforded by the train-oil lamp, and the master of the hut and his visitors listened to a little impromptu geography, aided by a polar chart and a blown-out bladder wherewith to explain the globular theory of the earth. But when we came to the consequences of the latter assertion, viz., that people in the two hemispheres walk feet to feet, the teaching came to an end. Nobody was able to follow these wild flights of fancy. In vain I demonstrated the attraction of the earth

with the aid of dropping objects, when suddenly the half-grown son seemed to catch a glimmer of light. His tongue was loosened, and he began to rattle away to his countrymen in their curious, guttural tongue. What he said I was unable to catch, but at the end of his discourse every one seemed convinced of the new theory.

The next day the fog was thicker than ever, and as at the same time there blew a strong southerly gale, we had to remain weather-bound till the following morning. In the mean time we collected some minerals, and set four women to sew us new breeches of young, strong bear skin. This was a fresh addition to our wardrobe, and with the Kamikker, transformed me into a veritable north Greenland "dude." The following morning, as stated, we were again able to start. The weather was then "cracking" cold, with a clear sun. To our delight our host when we were about to start informed us that he would accompany us as far as Cape York, a distance of about one hundred and seventy-five miles, as he had "business" there. His son had the previous autumn left his "Kajak" down there, and this the old man now intended to fetch before the ice broke up. His journey, moreover, was prompted by the unexpected opportunity now presenting itself of having the company of a "Kablunachsuak" (white man), and enjoying the dainties flowing therefrom, such as bacon rinds and other remnants of his feasts. Terrikotti took his wife with him, too, looking upon the journey of three hundred and fifty miles in the depth of winter as rather a pleasure or recreation trip than anything else. He had with him seven splendid strong dogs, which careered magnificently across the ice, and they were, as is generally the case with these animals, so beautifully trained that a shout only from their master was sufficient to make them run either right or left, stop dead or increase speed, "watch for seal," or sniff the hard snow for bear tracks. The journey certainly became both more interesting and lively by this un-

expected addition to our party. They followed all their old customs and modes of travelling, and revealed many of their forms of worship and superstitions, looking upon the "Kabluna" as one of themselves.

In the course of the day we passed round a ness running into Whale Sound and Boat Inlet, halted at Cape Parry, then surrounded with open water, and having to make a détour inland, reached an altitude of about a thousand feet. At this elevation the weather conditions were, no doubt on account of the proximity of the sea, so entirely different from those at a lower level, that we could hardly make any progress against the blinding snow and fog, and the cutting winds which seemed quite to scorch our faces. But it did not last long, for soon we were past the highest point of the snow hill covering the plateau-shaped ness; we got the wind with us, and rushing at great speed down through a narrow gulch, we again emerged among the sun-bathed glaciers and icebergs. But far beyond the glittering icebergs and the immense ocean of snow-covered ice utterly void of life, we beheld the dark blue ocean, indescribably lovely and fascinating, here and there glittering and shining where the sun rays were reflected from the long foam crested swell.

What effect that sight had upon one who had passed six months in semi-darkness in these dreary ice-bound surroundings, and with a badly suppressed home longing at heart, I must leave to the reader's imagination. Memories of the far-off sea-girt fatherland rushed upon me, and threw me into a dreamy melancholy state, most undesirable for the work in hand. As I halted and stood gazing out towards the blue horizon my followers inquired what I was looking for, but only badly could I explain what I thought and felt. Nevertheless these sensitive people, children of the ice and snow, quite gathered my meaning, and the old man exclaimed several times in a sympathetic undertone "ayonal, ayonal" (how sad, how sad).

On coming down from our land jour-

ney we continued along the rather low, flat shores of Booth Inlet, passing the remarkable Fitz Clarence Rock, a little island rising in terraces to a height of about a thousand feet. During thousands of years wet, ice, and storm have gradually eroded the rock, and the blocks thrown down have fallen with such regularity around the whole island that it rises above the flat ice fields like an enormous black cone, out of which the solid central part with perpendicular sides stands forth.

Just below this weird looking island we had again to seek the mainland, as the ice during the equinoctial gales a few weeks before had broken up and drifted into the partly open Baffin's Bay. Fortunately the land here, whilst lofty south and north, was comparatively level, so that we could continue our journey without difficulty, although the sharp stones projecting through the snow here and there ripped the sledges unpleasantly.

A little after noon we came upon fresh reindeer tracks, and there must have been quite a herd of them; there were spoors in all directions. We had no meat for supper, nor any for our hungry dogs, so it would be a godsend to obtain an animal or two. The natives were nearly mad with excitement and proposed to set off in pursuit at once. I let them have a rifle each whilst I went to examine some white quartz-like rocks in the vicinity. Terrikotti's wife was left behind to look after the dogs, which, in some circumstances, cannot be left alone, as when these half-tamed wolves get the scent of game nothing can stop them.

Ten minutes had barely gone by before I heard a rifle shot close at hand, and presently Kolotengva's little square figure appeared on a ridge, calling to us to bring the sledges up. This was but the work of a few moments, and we beheld a great reindeer cow lying dead on the snow. A meal followed, in which four human beings and fifteen dogs participated without distinction, only that we human beings seized the tit-bits. We saved, however, a fine piece of steak for supper, with the rein-

deer belly, which the two "Arctics" had not the heart to leave behind, for it is their greatest delicacy.

We did not travel much farther that day, having sledged without a break for thirteen hours, so we halted at about seven o'clock on the north side of Whalstenholme Sound, where we built a cosy little snow hut in a suitable, well-sheltered drift. It was constructed in the usual Eskimo fashion, of large blocks cut out of the snow-drift, put together so as to form a solid cupola over the space below, sufficient to hold us all. The dogs always sleep in the open, winter as well as summer, and in all kinds of weather. They were, therefore, simply tied to Kolotengva's walrus lance, rammed into the ground just outside the hut. We will now peep inside, all fissures in roof and walls having been closed with snow, and the lamps lighted. To get in it is necessary to crawl through the little hole on the lee side, and when of the Caucasian race, great care has to be exercised not to wreck the proud structure, as the opening is only intended for tiny Eskimo bodies. Inside a comparatively high temperature prevails, which causes the snow in the roof to melt, whereby the structure is strengthened, as the blocks then sink a little, freeze together, and form on the inside a hard polished dome of ice. The water thus formed by degrees trickles slowly down the walls of the hut towards the floor, forming the most beautiful glittering ice-taps. However, at night, when cooking is over, the melting ceases, as the lamps then only burn with a faint flame.

But as we enter the cooking is in full swing, and under the little stone vessels the flames are made as long as the saucer-shaped lamps with moss wicks and blubber will allow. On the raised platform at the back of the hut I and Kolotengva are installed, whilst opposite reside the old man and his woman. All of us are airily dressed, as it would of course be absurd to sleep in the stiff wet garments when there is an opportunity of throwing

them off and crawling into soft warm reindeer skins instead.

The old woman mostly sees to the cooking, and in order to ascertain whether the water for the tea is getting warm, she now and again puts her hand flat into it, a manner of "taking" boiling temperature which I at first have great difficulty in reconciling myself to, but by philosophically arguing the point with myself, I come to the conclusion that it is no worse than the handling of the meat we are to eat, and I reconcile myself to my fate.

The next morning the weather continued gloriously fine, and at half past seven we were again off. Our road now lay right across the broad Whalsendenholme Sound. Saunders' Island, situated about midway, we had intended to pass to the west, as this route was the shortest; but on reaching the western point of the island we were arrested by open water, and had to proceed eastward in order to reach the inner side. We did, however, not omit first to try the new steel-like ice just below the lofty mountain walls rising to a height of over two thousand feet, in order perhaps to save the long *détour*, but it was no good. The ice was too weak, and I cannot help confessing that I breathed more freely after the discovery, as my recent experiences on new ice were anything but pleasant. I may as well tell the story as we travel.

It was in the first half of February, just as the cold was severest, that I was travelling far to the north of our winter quarters for the purpose of obtaining meat for our many dogs, which were half-starved. I had for companion a native, Kaschu by name, a lively, amusing fellow; but I must add he was a thief and a liar of the first water to boot, under certain "extenuating circumstances." Here, out campaigning, he was a splendid fellow indeed. We had left the nearest colony at five in the morning in brilliant moonshine, and had for hours, with twelve dogs, been speeding out towards the broad Smith's Sound, in order to reach new ice, where the walrus love to romp in winter time. When about twenty

miles distant from the coast, we halted, tied the dogs to hummocks, and proceeded on foot a couple of miles farther out, watching for walrus, as these animals are in the habit of thrusting their big heads through the thin ice in order to breathe, and it is then that the Eskimo watches his opportunity of launching his harpoon into their carcase, keeping it tied with the line till the animal is exhausted. A little after noon we succeeded in killing an enormous she-walrus, a task, however, comparatively easy, as we had both harpoon and rifle, and whilst Kaschu was cutting it up I was to fetch the sledge and dogs. At a rattling pace we sped seawards towards him. See him I could not, although it was only just after noon, as twilight had already set in, and only a faint streak in the south indicated where the long-looked-for sun was. Suddenly I feel a slight jerk of the sledge as it speeds silently out upon the dark violet colored surface of elastic new ice; I at once conclude that in the gloaming we have steered right across a newly frozen "clear" in the ice, and although the sledge is already in a swaying motion, it looks at the moment as if we might be able to get safely over without accident. Just then one of the native sledge runners cuts through, the pace slackens, and then almost ceases. The sledge is already partly under the ice! An icy bath I knew at once I was to have, so I slid off the sledge slowly, and gave at the same time a violent pull at the steering band, whereby the front part again reached the ice sheet, and then began a terrible fight for life as we slowly splashed through the water to the other side. The dogs needed no encouragement to pull now, the keen animals exerted themselves to their utmost, understanding quite well that it was a struggle for life. At one moment most of them were in the water. In the next they obtained foothold on the ice with their sharp claws, but only again to be immersed in the icy waves. I shall not enlarge upon the horrors of the situation and my reflections, but only add that we reached the solid ice

at last on the other side of the "clear" more than forty feet wide, and that I was soaked to the arm-pits under a temperature 40° F. below freezing point, and no land in sight. I ran out to my companion in my heavy fur garments, which already began to be coated with icicles, and got him to drive me home at once. The dogs did their duty in the fine moonlight, and in four hours we were safely back in one of the warm earth huts of the natives. And I suffered no more from my awful immersion, but forget it I never shall.

We had, it may be remembered, been compelled to make a great détour eastwards to get past Saunders' Island on the inside, and as we passed the east side of the island we came upon the tracks of three bears, two old ones and a young one. It is hardly possible to form an idea of the excitement produced upon the Eskimo—all ardent hunters—and their semi-savage dogs under such circumstances. The dogs pull violently at their leather traces and scan with raised ears keenly the snowy wastes, whilst their masters stop, converse in whispers, listen, scan the wastes, run a little, stop again, and then repeat the whole performance anew. It might be doubted whether men who so absolutely lose their coolness on coming upon the tracks of game are really worth anything as hunters. But the doubt is soon dispelled. The excitement, in fact, tends to stimulate their intellectual faculties and keenness, and the spectator is soon compelled to admire their qualifications as hunters and sportsmen of a very high order. In the present case, however, the hunt was fruitless. We followed three bear tracks right and left across the wide dreary expanse of ice, until the sun's disk, huge and glowing, touched the snow-white horizon to the north-west, disappearing presently behind distant icebergs. In vain the natives scanned the vast white expanse with my glasses, the remarkable qualities of which they soon learnt to admire, but no sign of a living thing in any direction. We had therefore to

abandon the quest and resume our journey along the coast south of the mouth of the fjord. A little after we passed Cape Atholl, where the ice began; being snow free, we could advance much faster, and at midnight, after sixteen hours of incessant travelling, we halted at a spot called Igluduhugni. During our entire journey the dogs had gone at a great pace, the bear chase included, and the distance covered that day (sixteen hours) was equal to about a degree of latitude, or no less than seventy miles.

We had expected to find natives at this place, but all we could discover in the gloom of midnight was a long deserted tumbledown snow hut. Kolotengva and I at once set to work to repair the hut, whilst the old man and his woman began to dig in the snow under a huge travelled boulder, maintaining that they would, according to an old charitable Eskimo custom, find seal blubber for the aid of needy travellers in general. Long and deep they dug, and blubber there was, sure enough, in plenty. The old man cut up some in bits for the dogs, whilst the woman prepared other for our lamps, making the pieces soft by chewing them with her teeth before putting them on the lamp saucers. In a short while we were snugly ensconced under our snow roof, consuming the remains of our reindeer steak of yesterday, whilst chatting about the events of the day. And, indeed, we were on the point of getting fox steak too for supper that night, as just before we reached our quarters we enjoyed an exciting and remarkable chase after a couple of Arctic Reynards, which only got away by the skin of their teeth. The whole affair reminded me much of an English foxhunt, with the exception that we chased the foxes on sledges instead of on horseback; but for excitement and novelty I must accord the palm to the latter mode of hunting these vile animals. In the faint rays of the Arctic midnight sun these little foxes often tramp long distances across the silent, icy expanse, in search of the remnants of feasts by polar bears, dead

seal cubs, and the like. It was two such midnight prowlers we had come upon. Hardly had the dogs spotted the two black little dots away in front of us—for they were so-called "blue" foxes—before they set off at such a terrific pace that we were just able to fling ourselves on the sledges and enjoy the chase too. Away galloped the foxes; after them raced the dogs. But we did not gain much upon the vile beggars, as, of course, the sledges handicapped the dogs so much that one fox succeeded in at once escaping, having astutely enough made for the shore. The other, however, was just in front of us, but seemed to be getting away. What then do my worthy sporting friends, who in the most intense excitement have been watching the unequal chase, and who now begin to see a doubtful issue, do? Quick as thought Kolotengva seizes his knife, bends forward, and cuts with a single rapid stroke the trace of the fastest of our animals, a little lady dog. And, in an instant, his companion follows his example. Like arrows shot from a bow the two animals dart forward. But one dog appears to gain over the other, and this does not please our companion at all, so, quick as lightning, he despatches another grey touzler from his team, which is immediately followed by another from our side. Now follow encouraging shouts to the dogs from both contesting parties, exactly as in a north country coursing match, and a laughing, rattling, shrieking dispute between the two sledges as to the merits and chances of their respective animals. My dog won the match in securing the little terrified blue fox; but, alas! artful as ever, Reynard, at the moment of victory, jumped for dear life on to the top of a high flat iceberg, where our dogs were unable to follow and our guns to reach it, as the fox lay down flat. And thus ended an exciting foxhunt and coursing match à la Eskimo.

The next day the weather was still magnificent, and at midday the sun became so warm that here and there a solitary seal was enticed to come up

to his breathing hole in the ice in order to bask in the rays of the sun.

It was midnight again before we reached Cape York, the last inhabited spot in our journey; again we had travelled incessantly for sixteen hours, and covered a distance of fifty miles since daybreak. At this time only a few stars of the first magnitude glittered in the southern heavens, and we welcomed the lovely light nights of the Arctic summer. But I will at once confess that we were in no mood for such charming and idyllic reflections when we drove on that night before the stone huts at Snnaminomen. The glass stood at 24° F. below zero (56° of frost), and being famishing like wolves we felt the cutting night wind and the cold the more. But the natives at this place received us with customary Eskimo hospitality. Sleep and rest were what we most needed, and after a solid meal for ourselves and the dogs, we fell immediately asleep, only to awake when the sun had risen far into the heavens.

Two days (April 13th and 14th) we remained at the colony to give our dogs a good rest and to await a change in the weather, which had now become stormy. It cannot be denied that we felt *ennui* during these days of enforced idleness, and the North Greenland huts become rather confined to a European, however contented and frugal, when weather-bound for any length of time. But in the daytime our life was lively enough, and many were the questions put and answered on both sides, of the customs, sagas, and traditions of the North Greenlanders, as well as of the far-away southern lands and their many races, and especially, I venture to think, the Eskimo gained a good idea of my own fatherland, "Old Norway," with its sighing forests, green hillsides, roaring falls, and splendid climate. I had to describe them all over and over again. Equally interesting, perhaps, were the musical solfées, which took place in some hut or another, attended by the entire élite of the colony. At these charming réunions the blubber drum or "tom-tom" was heard incessantly, whilst hysterical

witches and mystic old men in turns chanted monotonous half-wailing incantations to spirits supposed to be hovering about. Some of the so-called "Angekokes" or sorcerers exercise a most remarkable influence on their listeners, who frequently listen to their monotonous chants in trembling and breathless expectancy.

At last, early on the morning of April 15th, we were able to continue our journey eastward. Kolotengva and I were now again alone, the old couple who had accompanied us on the previous days having remained at Cape York, the goal of their journey. Our course now lay straight for the islands in Melville Bay, whence I hoped to get a good view of the unknown shores within, in case ice should prevent my reaching them. During the morning we passed Bushman's Island, situated about twenty miles east of Cape York. Even before we reached it I became aware that the coast-land just to the northward of us formed no part of the mainland, but consisted, in fact, of two large islands hitherto unknown. During the afternoon, as we sledged farther eastwards, we came in sight of enormous glaciers such as I had always been of opinion existed along the north-eastern shores of Melville Bay. Indeed, I found that practically the whole coast-line from Cape York eastwards, as far as the eye could reach, was continually broken by vast and active glaciers. At 6 P.M. we halted, having covered fifty miles, and built our snow hut for the night. We were then nearly directly south of Cape Melville, and only a few miles from the shore. The ice on which we sledged during the first part of our journey from Cape York was very smooth and quite different from what I had expected. With the exception of a belt of ice a couple of miles broad, the surface of which formed a chaos of irregular edged and wildly piled up blocks, rising to a height of from six feet to eight feet, the rest of our road was perfectly level and smooth. This I may, perhaps, ascribe to Kolotengva's intimate knowledge of ice navigation.

Having enjoyed a refreshing night's rest in the hut, we continued the following day our journey in fine but hazy weather. About midday land was clearly discernible to the north-east, but in the afternoon everything was again hidden in a thick fog. We halted at 5 P.M., having covered forty miles. It then snowed hard. Again we had a good night's rest, but found the next morning that several inches of new snow had fallen, whilst the fog was as thick as ever and completely hid the land. But at noon, when everything seemed most dreary and hopeless, the fog suddenly lifted, like an enormous curtain, and displayed to our astonished gaze a panorama so grand and imposing that it will never fade from my mind. Lofty, sombre mountains, gigantic, snowy glaciers, and aerial blue glittering snow cones, all charmingly bathed in the purple rays of the noon-day sun, stretched in wild disorder along the horizon, the *tout ensemble* forming a most striking and fascinating spectacle of a land never trodden by human being.

By continuing our east-south-east course, which we had followed since the morning, we reached, at about 6 P.M., a small isolated island, where I decided to remain a day or two in order to take observations. The island proved to be identical with Thom Island of the chart, having in its centre a conically shaped rock three hundred feet to four hundred feet in height, which would afford a most desirably high plateau whence to fix the glaciers and capes of the mainland. We therefore built a snow hut at the bottom of a sheltered cleft in the rocks at the south side of the island, and found the weather the next morning, to our great satisfaction, all that could be desired. The air was remarkably clear, the most distant mountains standing forth distinctly. I obtained an observation of the sun at noon, as well as all requisite determinations of the mainland. The island I found to be situated in longitude  $75^{\circ} 41' 44''$  N., and the compass variation  $88\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  W. I delineated also the profile of the entire coast-line,

including several new islands of considerable size. While I was thus engaged my worthy friend had set off seal hunting, as we were in want of meat for ourselves and dogs, and blubber for the lamps. And he succeeded in an hour's time in killing a fine animal.

I watched him through my glasses as he cautiously and silently crawled, or rather hauled himself along towards the dozing seal. To me up here it seemed as if he was near enough to touch it with his hand; but still I waited and waited for the report of his rifle. At last a faint cloud arose, and the report rang through the still clear air, and in the same instant Kolotengva's knife flashed for a second in the sun, burying itself in the next in the body of his valuable spoil, which now relieved us from all anxieties as to food for ourselves and our faithful, almost half-starved, companions for some time to come.

Of the fifty miles long coast-line, bounded in north-west by Cape Melville and in south-east by Red Head, which I could overlook from the top of the little mountain ridge on Thom Island, nearly one-half consisted of larger and smaller glacier fronts. If to the glaciers here referred to, which I could overlook from the island, be added the glaciers which I discovered between Cape Melville and Cape York, as well as the enormous ice floe, the northern wall of which I was just able to discern south of Red Head, and which in all probability stretches down to the neighborhood of the "Devil's Thumb," the whole number of these ice streams covers an area of some two hundred miles. They form a magnificent overflow for the ice masses inland, and are therefore of the highest importance. The glaciers of Melville Bay form, without doubt, the vastest glacial system yet discovered on the Greenland coast. Most of these glaciers are situated close to each other; indeed, as regards some of the larger, as, for instance, those of King Oscar, Peary, Rink, Nansen, and Nordenskiöld, the land divisions among them are so

insignificant that they might be really considered two huge glaciers of enormous dimensions.

As regards the geological character of the coast-land itself, which here and there juts forth from the glacial cap, either as dominant headland and ness or single "nunatak" further inland, I could discover nothing of particular interest. The trap formation, with its dark color, in strong contrast to the white snow cupolas which crowned its plateau-shaped surfaces, was apparently the most common, whilst the coast in general was of the usual archaic structure. The perpendicular walls nearest the ocean ice attained generally a height of a couple of thousand feet, whilst the "Hinterland," where such existed, rose to far greater heights; thus the snowy summit of Cape Walker has a height of quite three thousand feet, whilst a glittering cone, to which I gave the name of "Mount Haffner," after the Norwegian savant, and which is situated about fifteen miles inland on the north side of the bay, is, without doubt, five thousand feet in height. At Cape Melville there was a comparatively vast stretch of low land, but its nature I was unable to make out at this distance.

Having concluded my observations on the island, I built a small cairn on the top, in which I placed a tin box containing a brief notice of our visit. Before turning in that night we were pleasantly surprised by the sight of a snow sparrow, the first of the season, which occasioned us several times during supper (a dainty meal of fresh seal's liver and dry ship's bread) to congratulate each other on the coming of summer.

The next morning we found the weather had completely changed in the course of the night; it was blowing a gale from the south-east, filling the air with the finest drifting snow. We had, therefore, to lie weather-bound that day, which might have been dull enough if my companion had not sped the time by naively-told tales of incidents from his own life, which in the most striking manner illustrated the

admirable toughness, strength, and courage of this little race of humanity in *la lutte pour la vie*. Among other things I was told that the bear-hunters of the tribes often in their excursions reach the east coast of Melville Bay. I am, however, of the opinion that ere long some spring day the inhabitants of the northernmost Danish colony, Tessiusak, will be surprised by a visit, the first known, from the sledging wild men of Cape York. I have supplied them with full particulars and instructions for such a journey.

The next day, April 20th, the wind was still strong from the south. We were now again nearly out of meat and blubber, so that we did not care to venture far away from Cape York, which we had otherwise intended had the weather been better. After being weather-bound for a day we steered for the north-east, almost unknown, corner of Melville Bay, where I hoped to find something of interest, and where also we might slay a bear, which we greatly needed. We started at seven o'clock A.M., and shaped our course straight for the lofty mountain ridge, which according to the vague indications of the chart should be Cape Murdoch. But as we approached we found that this towering ridge did not constitute any projecting point in the coast line, but, on the contrary, rose far behind it, and was only a solitary "nunatak" in the vast ice-field, the lofty perpendicular face of which completely arrested our progress. We halted at half past one by a small island, the inner side of which almost touched the ice-wall, and here we had to remain for the rest of the day and the next night. Kolotengva at once began the erection of the indispensable snow-hut, whilst I climbed the island, a few hundred feet in height, in order to take observations. By and by he too, came up, anxious to see this forlorn corner of the bay, whither the lively sledge parties of his tribe had never yet penetrated. But even to the frugal-minded Eskimo at my side the desolate spot could offer no attraction; he only shook his head and said with

emphatic conviction: "Pujungi-toksua nuna manni" ("the land about here is no good"). On the hard rocky ground lay long adamant snowdrifts, carried thither by raging winds from the nearest glaciers, whilst here and there, where the naked rocky terraces were visible through the snow, the "scouring" marks of former glacial action were distinctly observable. Having concluded my observations, we collected all the stones we were able to find and raised a small cairn on the summit, when we returned to the hut. But a few yards from it, right under the wall of an iceberg, we came upon some deep holes in the snow, a bear having evidently been engaged in digging for sea-holes. The same animal, or another, had curiously enough visited the summit of the island, to which even we had a difficulty in climbing. Kolotengva thought the bear had come on land in search of dead grass or moss, as polar bears are believed by the natives to like a certain amount of vegetable matter in their diet.

The next morning at seven we continued our journey in calm, hazy weather. We had barely travelled two hours before, on turning a headland, we suddenly espied the bear some eight hundred yards in front of us. At racing pace the dogs sped away across the hard snow, but the bear did not take long to consider his position and then to deal with it. He decided not to deal with the dilemma at all, and simply bolted. But we were down upon him, when Kolotengva quickly cut the single trace of the eight dogs, the sledge stopped dead, and the liberated dogs flew with redoubled energy at the hairy giant, who now turned to defend himself at last. During the short space of time occupied by us coming up with the combatants, I had a good opportunity of watching the splendid tactics of the dogs. As soon as they came up with the bear they spread out in a semicircle right in front of their foe, and attacked him by making dashes at his long thick coat with their sharp, glistening teeth, and they displayed during these proceedings such cuteness

and skill, that it was evident they quite understood that it was a question of "breakfast or no breakfast" for them. Whenever the bear angrily raised one of his huge paws to crush one of his tormentors, the latter slid away in the most agile manner, whilst his companions gave the wretched brute enough to attend to in another direction. However, a few shots from our Winchesters soon ended the combat, and an hour later we had the large magnificent bear-skin safely packed on the sledge, together with a good quantity of meat, whilst the dogs were treated to a substantial meal, which they indeed wanted badly, and we again continued our journey.

Our course now lay straight for an island some ten miles W.S.W. from our last day's halting-place. We reached it just before noon, and remained there some hours, during which I took the latitude and some determinations, the weather having now become very fine again. In the afternoon we proceeded, and halted eventually at 5.30 P.M. for the night, after a most interesting but very hard day.

On April 23rd we reached again, safe and sound, Cape York and our friendly Eskimo. I decided to remain two days and let the dogs have a good rest, not because they actually wanted it, but because I thought they thoroughly deserved it after their preceding eight days' hard and steady work. The next day was beautifully fine, and almost summer-like, so that the entire colony, small and large, turned out *en masse* and squatted most of the day, basking in the sun's rays, on a small clearing in front of the huts where bones and offal used to be thrown. True, the air was a bit chilly, but having built a wall of snow to shelter from the cutting north wind, and with the sun shining right upon our ruddy faces, and being well wrapped up in furs, we had a fine time of it, chatting merrily about the coming spring, for which we all longed so much.

In the midst of our merry group lay a huge piece of walrus meat, the somewhat "gamey" smell of which left no

doubt as to its respectable age. Beside it lay an axe, which was used whenever any man or woman wanted to satisfy their hungry cravings, for the meat was frozen hard and had to be chopped. At the side of this lump of meat stood also a huge block of ice, clear as crystal, whence the community obtained water, as in the centre of it a cavity had been cut, at the bottom of which a stone was placed of the size of a man's fist, on which there burned with a good flame a piece of moss intersected with blubber; and as the ice melted at the sides of the cavity, the water collected at the bottom in a small, clear pool, whence it was consumed by the many parched mouths by sucking it up through hollow reindeer marrow-bones, in exactly the same manner as we enjoy a sherry cobbler through a straw. The whole party was throughout in the cheeriest and most talkative mood; and although no toasts were drunk or speeches made, the chatting and laughing of everybody and of all sizes proceeded so merrily that the incident furnished another strong proof of the thorough contentment of these people with their lot in life.

The next day I had an opportunity of seeing how the natives train their bear dogs. A bear-skin is carried secretly by two lads out behind an iceberg close by, one of whom returns, whilst the other wraps the skin round his body and then emerges, appearing at a distance like a real bear, in the creamy fur of which the sun played. Then an alarm is raised by the older hunters, and with fine histrionic skill the younger ones rush out as if in great excitement at the sight of the impudent bear. Some of the dogs have now also espied it, half-a-dozen sledges are harnessed speeding towards the imagined foe, who then wisely lets fall his disguise.

After two days' rest I and my companion eventually said good-bye to our hospitable hosts. But at the last moment we were pleasantly surprised at learning that the whole colony had decided to accompany us in a body! It seemed as if a sudden mania for travelling had seized upon these free

and unfettered persons. Why not then at once satisfy the desire? Their minds were made up on the spur of the moment, and half an hour had hardly elapsed before the whole colony had taken the field with all their belongings—furs, harpoons, lamps, suckling babies, blubber, meat, etc., well stowed away on their sledges. They numbered, including ours, nine in all, drawn by fifty-two splendid dogs. But we did not enjoy our merry escort long, as it left us by degrees, the members taking up their abodes along the coast in their airy skin tents, now being exchanged for the dark hovels of the long and dreary winter.

The first night after leaving Cape York we halted at the bottom of an inlet, where we had to remain for thirty-six hours through a storm. We found quarters in some old ruins of a hut. The next night we were enabled to proceed, and as it was the first on which the sun would remain above the horizon that season, we decided to travel all the night. The snow track was capital, and we advanced rapidly, reaching the western extremity of Saunders' Island at 5 A.M. Here we slept in a remarkable grotto, which runs in under the perpendicular mountain wall, about a thousand feet in height, the floor being below high-water mark. We passed the Colony "Akpan," situated on the south-west side of the island, then deserted. I mention it, as here as well as on the mainland just south, there are remains of stone huts which are now under water at high tide. The natives have, therefore, been obliged to vacate their old huts and erect others, the former having gradually been covered by the sea. Similar proofs of the depression of the land along these shores were at one time also observed by Dr. Kane somewhat farther south, who suggested that the axis of the oscillating movement to which it is generally assumed that the Greenland continent is subjected, should be found just south of the 77th degree of latitude. Judging by my own observations on Saunders' Island just referred to, and partly from

statements made by natives, I am of opinion that this axis must be fixed somewhat farther south.

On April 29th, at about nine at night, we left Saunders' Island in splendid weather. We determined again to travel across country to Whale Sound to escape the journey around Cape Parry. On the way we succeeded in killing a hare, whose white coat up in a dark ravine offered a splendid target for our rifles. I shall not describe how welcome this piece of fresh meat was to us just then. Suffice it to say that for some days we had lived from hand to mouth, and our provision bag was slenderer than just desirable.

We had decided to attempt to reach the south side of Whale Sound before again halting, which we did after twenty hours of hard travelling. For the last time we lit our blubber lamp, cooked the rest of the hare, and enjoyed a good long sleep under the tumbledown roof of a deserted native hut. We were still some thirty miles from the winter quarters of the expedition, but this we covered without more adventures on the following day, being back once more safe and sound, on April 30th.

Our little journey was at an end, and although its geographical results, which, however, constituted the only ones yielded by the second Peary expedition, cannot be said to be "startling," the journey has to me been of great value and advantage, for it has more than ever before made me familiar with the methods of travelling followed for hundreds of years by the race dwelling in nearest proximity to the Pole, and gained from experience during their extended sledge journeys along the vast ice-choked shores of their land. And I feel confident that, had this tribe possessed the scientific enthusiasm which fires civilized nations, they would have reached the highly coveted goal long ago, and explored the mystic regions into which the great nations of the earth, in noble rivalry and self-sacrifice, have hitherto attempted to penetrate in vain. But suddenly to impart to these children of

nature an ardent enthusiasm for this task of solving some of the greatest geographical and other scientific problems of the age would indeed be an impossibility. On the other hand, however, it might be that the sons of civilization themselves could learn from the natives, by sojourning among them, the best mode of solving those problems.

There are those who maintain that Nansen and his gallant little band will carry victory home; and no one who is acquainted with the brilliant equipment and manning of this expedition, with other factors to be considered, can deny that its prospects of success are highly promising. But should even this be so, there will still remain many mysteries to be penetrated in the polar regions. No single expedition, be it ever so successful, could solve all these. There still are vast regions on both sides of the Pole yet to be explored; and in this glorious labor it is to be hoped that the Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon races may lead the way hand in hand.

EIVIND ASTRUP.

*First Officer in both the Peary Expeditions.*

NOTE.—Since this article, which has been translated by Carl Siewers, was first received, Elvind Astrup's death has been reported in the newspapers. The last paragraphs were written before the news of Nansen's success.—ED.

From Temple Bar.

#### RAMBLES IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

When William Cowper, himself a Hertfordshire man, dashed off "the diverting history of John Gilpin," he little thought that he had made the Ware Road from London to Hertfordshire the best known in all Britain, that generation after generation would read with delight the story of that famous ride over the stones of Cheapside, on through merry Islington, past "The Bell" at Edmonton, to Ware. John Gilpin has familiarized to us that great north road more than all the pageant-ries of history that had passed before, eventful though they were. Had not

Queen Elizabeth travelled by it when she held her court at her Castle of Hertford? Familiar, too, it was to the lordly Cecils whose house of Theobalds was situated on the same road midway between London and Hertford. Hither also from his father's country house at Gormanbury near St. Albans would come young Francis Bacon, the future lord chancellor, to visit his august uncle Lord Burleigh, in the hope of advancement in Elizabeth's service. At Theobalds in 1603 James I. and VI. rested on his way from Scotland to London. It was a case of love at first sight, for James afterwards acquired Theobalds from the Cecils in exchange for royal Hatfield, and at Theobalds twenty-two years later he died. In a book which is less often read nowadays, "The Letters of Howell," clerk to the Privy Council of Charles I., and the first historiographer-royal of England, there is an account of King James's death. Howell happened to be at court at the time, and relates that "as soon as the king expired, the Privy Council sat, and in less than a quarter of an hour King Charles was proclaimed at Theobalds Court gate . . . This being done, I took my horse instantly and came to London first, except one, who was come a little before me, insomuch that I found the gates shut. His now Majesty took coach, and the Duke of Buckingham with him, and came to St. James; in the evening he was proclaimed at Whitehall." Truly there seems to have been many a race on this old Ware Road before John Gilpin's time! Later still we find this road the scene of Monmouth's abortive conspiracy against Charles II., when the king's coach was to have been stopped at the Rye House.

Such references might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, and one might easily pass from the world of fact to the world of conjecture. Did Shakespeare, for instance, travel by this road and inspect the great bed of Ware, referred to in his "Twelfth Night," on the way to Hitchin, that fine old market-town in the northern extremity of the county where dwelt his friend Chapman, the Elizabethan translator of Homer?

Our last reference will be to the father of English anglers, Izaak Walton. How gleefully he trod this road we know from the very opening lines of his "Compleat Angler,"—"You are well overtaken, gentlemen: a good-morning to you both. I have stretched my legs up Tottenham Hill to overtake you, hoping your business may occasion you towards Ware, whither I am going this fine, fresh May morning." Old Izaak knew every part of that road. His was not a race like Gilpin's and Howell's. On he walked past Theobalds to the "Thatched House" in Hoddesdon, where he and his scholars had their morning's draught of ale before they began the serious business of the day, to wit, angling. The Lea and its tributaries, winding through the length and breadth of Hertfordshire, had been to Walton the scene of his not infrequent holiday from London, and they had gladdened his heart even as they must have done that of the still earlier patroness of hunting and fishing in the fifteenth century, Dame Juliana Berners, authoress of "The Book of St. Albans."

Milton incidentally, but at the same time correctly, refers to the "sedgy Lea;" Armstrong, to the "silent Lee," and Michael Drayton speaks of the "old Lea bragging of the Danish blood," a reference to the slaughter of the Danes near Welwyn, where their name is still perpetuated in Danesbury. But the Lea has had more than a mere casual reference to it in our literature. It had its own poet three hundred years ago in that brilliant Elizabethan period. In his poem "A Tale of Two Swannes," one William Vallens, a native of the county, described the "fruitful fields of pleasant Hertfordshire," and the course of the river from its source:—

Whence Lea doth spring, not farre from  
Kempton towne,  
past "Whethamsted, so called of the  
corne," and Bishops Hatfield to Hert-  
ford:—

The chiefest towne  
Of all the shire, the greatest of accompt,  
Defended with a castle of some strength

Well walled, dyched, and amended late,  
By her, the onely mirror of the world,  
Our gracious Queen and Prince Elizabeth,  
and thence due south to Theobalds:—

The new and worthy seat  
Of famous Cicill, treasurer of the land,  
Whose wisdom, counsell, skill of prince's  
state

The world admires.  
(Quoted from Cussan's "History of Hertfordshire.")

Following the course thus mapped out for us as long ago as 1589, I, too, have rambled from "Kempton towne" or the village of Kimpton. A glance at the map will show that this typical Hertfordshire village lies in the very centre of the county, and is distant some five-and-twenty miles, as the crow flies, from London Bridge; but who shall reckon the distance by road along these winding Hertfordshire lanes? Three miles from the nearest railway station, Wheathampstead, and removed from the line of the great north roads, so full, as we have seen, of historical associations, Kimpton is a centre for those fine old English lanes that radiate in all directions, past "hamlets brown and dim-discovered spires." In brightest noonday the lanes lie buried in shadow amid their high hedge-rows of hazel, holly, and hawthorn, beech, elm, and oak. In the spring these hedges are white with may. In August they are white with great creamy clusters of wild elematis, and dotted with the pink of the bramble flower. Sometimes, too, they are half smothered in bracken. Now and then, as they border a residential estate, the hedges are clipped, and form a wall of greenery; but, planted as they must have been centuries ago, in many places they have long since grown far beyond the reach of the hedger's knife or the pruning-shears. In Scottish fields the farmer can plough right up to the dry-stone "dyke" that separates them from the highway, but here nature holds prodigal sway over acre upon acre monopolized by these old hedges. What a world of interest to the lover of nature there is to be found in these old lanes! Where can you find more unfamiliar as well as

familiar wild flowers, a richer luxuriance of woodbine? In nutty autumn these lanes form a children's paradise, and already the hollies give promise of a rich harvest of holly-berries for Christmastide to mingle with the bays and rosemary.

Linger for a moment at the gateway that breaks the hedge and reveals a field of trifolium. What a blaze of imperial purple, and how beautifully it contrasts with the wheat-field beyond! This county is celebrated for its wheat. As we have already noted, Wheathampstead was "so called of the corn" centuries ago, and Sir Henry Chauncey in his grand old-fashioned history of the county, published in 1700, also points out that this parish was "so called from the great plenty of excellent wheat which that place afforded." To-day the wheat-harvest is as fine as ever it could have been in the days of Vallens or Chauncey, and it is curious to note, as the result of this excellence in wheat, that the chief industry of the district is the manufacture of straw hats. Wherever you turn the women of the village or hamlet are busy plaiting straw for the markets at Hitchin, St. Albans, Luton, and Dunstable. The old adage, "Make hay while the sun shines," is locally interpreted, "Make straw hats while the sun shines," and accordingly a spell of exceptionally warm weather causes a season of unexampled prosperity also as far as the local industry is concerned. It is most interesting to drive into Hitchin on a Tuesday morning and observe the tidy women-folk walking into market with their large parcels of plaited straw, and returning with neat bundles of straw to resume their busy task. Like knitting, it is a task that requires nimble fingers, but allows the workers to gossip out of doors or wander about with their children. Unfortunately, in accordance with the inexorable economic laws of supply and demand, the workers are many and the remuneration small. The odd shillings to be earned by straw-plaiting are nevertheless eagerly sought after by the thrifty peasants of Hertfordshire.

To return to our leafy lane, beyond the wheat-field lies the farmhouse with its great barns and outhouses, nestling in an orchard. Now we are at the gate, and can admire the wonderful coloring with which time has painted the old brick walls and the cross-beams of oak that grew in Elizabethan woods. The roofs, too, are a study—great high roofs that slope down almost to the ground on one side of the house. They are often thatched, green and lichened, but even the red tiles acquire a venerable moss-grown appearance and harmonize with the red brick of the walls. Here the bricks may have at one time been painted with whitewash, but now they are a pale yellow; there they have been coated with stucco, and where that has crumbled away the old deep red brick reveals itself. The whole picture is mellowed into one soft pervading tone of warm coloring, like the "deep russet-orange lichen's melancholy gold." What revelations of color are lost to Scottish artists by the universal use, north of the Tweed, of cold grey stones and slated roofs!

Now our old road opens upon a heath or common, so pleasing a feature in an English landscape, and in Scotland conspicuous only by its absence. Englishmen have had the knack of preserving their rights to these commons; but in Scotland a hungry nobility seem long ago to have swallowed up every inch of land but the king's highway. Such open spaces are to be found all round Kimpton, Wheathampstead Common, Bower Heath, Codicote Heath, Peters Green, Chiltern Green, etc. Wheathampstead Common has been invaded by a golf club, and a splendid course it makes with its close-cropped turf, its hillocks and hollows and patches of gorse and heather. Codicote or Caldecote Heath is more luxuriant, and the heather is so long and full, so rich in color and so fragrant, that you can lounge on its southern slope and with eyes half-closed dream of the heather hills that girt Loch Awe.

Another feature essentially English is the cheery inn that overlooks the common. From that upper latticed

window the jolly innkeeper of yore would watch the solitary horseman of romance crossing the heath; and perhaps hint his opinion of the traveller to the "gentlemen of the road"—the Claud Duvals—who found it convenient to keep on good terms with mine host. But those days are gone, and now we can take our ease at our inn with its deep bay windows on either side of the entrance, its swinging sign-post, its horse-trough, pump, and outdoor settle. Enter and you will find that the bay window forms a delightful sunny recess with a seat all round. In one instance a branch of a vine from the adjoining greenhouse had been trained into this recess, and round the window bunches of grapes were hanging, some beginning to purple in the warm August sun. The fireplace is often a great old-fashioned one, with seats on either side of the "ingleneuk," right under the chimney, whilst framed over one of these fireplaces I found the following verse from Sir Matthew Hale:—

A Sabbath well spent  
Brings a week of content  
And health for the toils of the morrow,  
But a Sabbath profaned  
Whate'er may be gained  
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

There is indeed an almost Puritanical simplicity about many of the old inns and alehouses, often in keeping with the old-world names of their proprietors, as for example, Amos Gale, Shadrach Meade, Samuel Ward, or Mary Ann Mulcock. The names of the inns would require a paper to themselves. "The Three Horse-Shoes" has for its rival across the road "The Four Horse-Shoes." At Peters Green the sign of the "Half Moon" nods complacently across the heath to "The Bright Star." A favorite name in many a village is derived from the number of bells in the tower of the parish church; thus there is "The Six Bells" at St. Michael's, where Lord Bacon lies buried, and Hatfield and Luton have each their "Eight Bells." The bull, the bell, the plough, the rose and crown, the George and the dragon, the red lion, are old staggers to

be found everywhere, reminding one of Joseph Addison's delightful essay in the earlier "Spectators" on the sign-posts of London, in which he says that "our streets are filled with blue boars, black swans, and red lions, not to mention flying pigs and hogs in armor."

All anglers will remember how frequently Walton refers to the Hertfordshire inns: the "Thatch House" at Hoddesdon, where he had his first "cup of ale and a little rest," and the honest alehouse where he found "a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads struck about the wall;" where the linen looked white and smelt of lavender, and where by the way the hostess was "both cleanly and conveniently handsome." (Old Izaak evidently loved to be served by a handsome Hebe.) Then there were "mine host Rickabies, at 'the George,' in Ware," and the alehouse near Waltham Cross with the inviting designation of "Catcher-by-the-way."

There are, however, far too many licensed premises in Hertfordshire. Every little village seems to have half-a-dozen at least; but we learn from Mr. Cussan's exhaustive history, that this disproportionate number of licensed houses has been a vexed question for centuries. So long ago as 1577, the subject attracted the notice of the government, and a special commission was appointed by the Privy Council to inquire into the number of inns, taverns, and alehouses in the county. The commissioners reported that "as we find some of the keepers of the said innes and alehouses of good welth, so do we finde the greatest nombre of them vearie simple houses and the inhabitants of them vearie poore." This description still applies. Little seems to have been done to reduce their number. There are still the fine old coaching inns and the "vearie simple" alehouses—so very simple indeed that most of the alehouse keepers, to judge from their signboards, seemed to eke out a livelihood in some other way. It is as likely as not that much of their small beer in stock is used in home consumption. Of the infrequent customer the

hostess might often have occasion to exclaim with Mariana in the moated grange, "He cometh not!" An attempt was made by his Highness the lord protector of the Commonwealth to license only those innkeepers who were well affected towards his government; and at the same time he forbade the "playing at Tables, Billiard Table, Shovel-Board, Card Dice, Ninepins, Pigeon Holes, or the keeping Bowling Alley or Bowling Green." This was in 1656. The first edition of the "Compleat Angler," published in 1653, shows that even honest Izaak, or at least his companions, were not above playing at one of those proscribed games, for we find them (Peter and Coridon) going to an honest alehouse on one occasion, and playing at shovel-board half the day. "All the time that it rained we were there, and as merry as they that fished." I wonder what Walton thought of Cromwell's "unco guild" legislation, and whether he rendered himself liable to imprisonment by playing shovel-board at an inn any time between 1656 and 1660? After all, these enactments had come too late in the day. Four years later the merry bells rang in the Restoration, and poor old Noll's legislation was forgotten.

Forgotten perhaps for a time, inasmuch as the harmless pleasures of the bowling alley and green might now be renewed; but the salutary effect of Cromwell's rule has not been forgotten. Reference has already been made to such names as Shadrach, Samuel, and Amos occurring in the district. If nomenclature means anything at all, surely a pious race sleeps in the little churchyard at Ayott St. Lawrence, when one can cull from the gravestones, apart from the popular Christian names of Mary, James, and John, such other peculiarly Biblical names as Esther, Lydia, Martha, Sarah, Abigail, Daniel, Jeremiah, Joseph, and Jonathan. We may still be reaping the fruits of the Puritan régime in the possession of a sober and industrious peasantry, but why, oh! why was it necessary to condemn "ninepins," and sanction, or at least fall to prevent, the whitewashing

of the parish churches, the destruction of the stained glass, and the tearing up of the brasses from their matrices on the chancel floors? "Golden priests with wooden chalices, are better than wooden priests with golden chalices:" but if the churches were rightly purged of their "wooden priests," might not the "golden chalices" have been allowed to remain?

English ecclesiologists, however, have much to be thankful for in this respect, when we remember the iconoclastic zeal of the Scottish Reformers, coupled with the wanton destruction that signalized the Earl of Hertford's invasion of Scotland; and we may wander among the parish churches of England, so picturesque a feature in the landscape with their slender spires or great battlemented cufrew towers, without evidence of the fiercer phases of sectarian strife being continually thrust upon our vision.

To enter into an account of the parish churches of Hertfordshire would carry us far beyond the limits of this paper. I can only glance at one here and there. Accustomed as we are to our massive churches of hewn stone, one cannot help noticing that in Hertfordshire they are mostly built either of the small flints, such as the plough turns over in the fields in this district, or of brick and flint harled. On the banks of the river Ver at St. Albans, I found that the Roman remains of ancient Verulam were of similar construction, stratas of cemented flints alternating with horizontal rows of old Roman brick. The older parts of St. Albans Cathedral were very similar in treatment to the old wall at Verulam, and in fact the Roman remains formed a convenient quarry for the founders of the abbey, or cathedral, as it has now become. Beginning with the great brick Norman tower, transepts, and choir, the archaeologist can follow step by step westwards down the nave, and eastwards to the Lady Chapel, the history of church architecture from the eleventh to the fifteenth centuries. Contrast, for example, the almost savage grandeur of the transepts, Paul de Caen's work, as if hewn

out of a mountain, with the delicate tracery of the Lady Chapel.

On entering St. Albans Cathedral from the west doorway, I was struck with the entire absence of color. Here are no "storied windows richly dight." Some there are in the distant Lady Chapel beyond the altar screen, but they are invisible from the nave. Even the old-world frescoes are a faded brown color on a faded yellow background. Six hundred years ago they had been painted by the monks, but time has well-nigh obliterated them. One can just make out that the series dealt with the subject of our Lord's crucifixion. The richness of detail is lost. The dim figure on the cross, like the one outstanding truth which the frescoes are meant to keep in remembrance, alone remains. Even the exquisitely carved reredos, the high altar screen, and the Saint's Chapel have all been left without color, and the sun shines in through the unglazed windows. That this has not always been the case, we know from the fresco paintings and from the old painted ceiling of the choir, with its chequered design and the legend I.H.S. in alternate squares.

It is remarkable how little of the pre-Reformation glass is to be found here. Few churches have been spared as York Minster was. There are some interesting specimens of old glazing in Luton church, and some tiny bits at Hitchin; but if the parish churches are poor in so fragile a relic of mediævalism as stained glass, they are rich in other features of archæological interest of a more durable nature. Foremost among these is the old Gothic rood-screens, sometimes separating the choir from the transepts and nave, sometimes marking off the chapels. Fine specimens of these I found at Hitchin, Wheathampstead, and Kimpton, and at Luton in Bedfordshire. The interesting early Norman church of St. Michael's contains some old wainscoting, and a carved oak pulpit and communion-table, all pre-Reformation work. The monumental brasses to be found on the floors of many of the

churches are not only beautiful as works of art, with their heraldic scrolls and quaint Gothic lettering, but they are also valuable as illustrative of mediæval costume. Very fine brasses are still to be seen in St. Albans Cathedral, and in Wheathampstead and Hitchin churches; but, as already pointed out, too often the place where they once were is indicated by the brass pins which fixed them to the paved floor, or by the matrice where their outlines can still be traced.

I have already referred to the churchyard of Ayott St. Lawrence. The hamlet itself, consisting, as it does, of the manor, the old and new church, the vicarage, and half-a-dozen picturesque cottages, is one of the most beautiful in the country. Its old Gothic church, dating from the fifteenth century, is now an ivy-mantled ruin. When Sir Henry Chauncey wrote his history it was still used for public worship, and he notes that the chancel windows were "adorned with curious pictures in stained and painted glass, beyond many other churches." In 1779 we find the old church deserted because it was said to be in a ruinous condition, and a brick church, with a Greek portico, consecrated in its stead. Fortunately, the façade only is exposed to view at the west end of a noble park. The naked brick walls of the rest of the building are mercifully hid by sheltering trees. This church need never have been built at all, but these were not the days of church "restorations." In the eighteenth century the beauties of Gothic architecture were unappreciated, and the old fane once deserted went rapidly to ruin.

On the last Sunday evening of August I wandered by lane and stile-path from Kimpton to Ayott St. Lawrence. Involuntarily I lingered by the wicket-gate leading into the churchyard, to admire the fine old square tower with its Gothic louver windows. Passing up the churchway path, and stepping on to the velvet turf, I walked with noiseless step into the roofless nave, where the font still stands among the grass. Here a pedestal tomb, once richly

carved, supports the recumbent effigies, now sadly mutilated, of a knight and his lady. Yonder a single mural monument adorns the walls. On the south side of the chancel there are the remains of a piscina, and the arches that once spanned the nave still disclose, where they are not completely hidden from view by the thickly matted ivy, a boss of leaves or an angel's head. The western doorway, now closed forever, is ornamented with a simple moulding of leaves.

Not a breath of wind rustled the stately trees that shut out the little world of the hamlet from this last resting-place; and as I walked up the grassy aisle that leads into the south chancel chapel, thence into the chancel itself, and down the nave to the old belfry again, I thought how simply beautiful this church must have been in its prime, "beyond many other churches," as Chauncey quaintly puts it. Suddenly, out of the summer-evening stillness, arose in a joyous outburst of song the thanksgiving hymn of the Virgin, the "Magnificat" of the Church of England prayer-book. An invisible choir and a pealing organ seemed to have filled once more the ruined aisle with melody. Again all was quiet, and again—this time like a lullaby—the ivy-mantled choir echoed the calm, inspiring Song of Simeon—the "Nunc Dimittis." It was the even-song at the "new" parish church in the park. The doors were open, as is the custom in summer time, and the music floated across the pathway to the neglected shrine. The old church wanted nothing more to add to its impressiveness. Through the whim of a country squire it was no longer thronged with worshippers, but Sabbath after Sabbath the spirit of praise and prayer passed from the new to the old, and lingered among the gravestones sculptured all with their Old Testament names, their Esthers, their Abigails, their Daniels, and their Jonathans—memorials of a closed page of English history.

But late August twilights are short, and the kindly vicar, mindful that his

little flock could read only with difficulty in such a waning light, had chosen a familiar closing hymn. As I wended back to Kimpton the western sky crimsoned, the bats began to flutter in the empty belfry, and into the still air arose the voices of the worshippers singing Newman's immortal hymn:—

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on.

ARTHUR GRANT.

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From *The Gentleman's Magazine*.  
THE CHEVALIER D'EON AS A BOOK COLLECTOR.

A history of charlatans in general, and of eccentric characters in particular, would form a volume, or rather a series of volumes, of surpassing interest. The surprise is that such an attractive subject has not yet found a competent chronicler, for its fascination far exceeds the history of a whole crowd of kings and rulers whose lives have been written to death, and whose careers usually offer less entertaining variety than a directory or a dictionary. It is true that a recent biographer has given us a diverting volume in which he deals with the careers of "twelve bad men," but—what are they among so many? A large percentage of the eccentric individuals whose idiosyncrasies would have to be taken into account in the suggested "history" were unquestionably charlatans of the most unmitigated character; but many others were eccentric through no fault of their own, whilst not a few were, in their own peculiar way, men whose real talents have been obscured by their foibles. In the last category the Chevalier D'Eon would occupy a very distinguished position. It would be absurd to attempt to prove that he was a hero, for he was nothing of the kind; nor was he a great man, as that much-abused definition is now understood. But there are many points about him and his career which at once rescue him from among the commonplace spe-

cies of humanity. Of these points, none is more interesting or has been more completely trifled with by his various biographers than that which concerns him as a book collector.

The main facts of the remarkable career of Charles Geneviève Louis Auguste André Timothée D'Eon de Beaumont are too well known to need repeating here. It will be convenient, however, to point out that he was born at Tonnerre, Burgundy, October 5, 1728, and that he accompanied the Duc de Rivernais to England in 1762, remaining here until August, 1777, when he returned to Paris. He remained in France until 1785, when he came to this country and died here May 21, 1810. Although the chevalier lived in a constant whirl of excitement and extravagance, his pecuniary troubles do not appear to have begun until he came over to England for the second and last time. They were brewing, however, during his long absence of eight years; and, in the summer of 1784, the landlord of D'Eon's rooms in Brewer Street, Golden Square, despairing of getting his rent in the ordinary way, appears to have threatened to sell his tenant's goods and chattels. As a matter of fact, he did sell D'Eon's pictures. The *Morning Herald* of July 28, 1784, contains the announcement that Mr. Chapman would offer "the superlatively fine assemblage of pictures of the French, Italian, Flemish, and Dutch Schools of the Chevalier D'Eon," at Tom's Coffee House, opposite the Royal Exchange, No. 30 Cornhill, on Friday, July 30. The advertisement further states "the whole being left with a merchant, who has sent them to be sold without reserve." The catalogues of this sale are exceedingly rare, but Mr. G. Redford, in "Art Sales," gives an abstract of some of the principal prices, which in no instance reached £20 per lot.

During the period of his first stay in this country, D'Eon was an inveterate book-collector, and a constant attendant and buyer at book auctions. He was omnivorous in his reading. Messrs. Sotheby possess a most curious docu-

ment relative to the Chevalier's book-buying proclivities; it is nothing less than the original bill for books bought at Baker & Leigh's on January 10, 1771. The total of the bill amounts to £8. 4s., which was paid on January 12. The list is an interesting one, but it contains few books of special importance. The greater majority are in French; those in English include Bolingbroke's "Study of History," Mutel's "Causes of the Corruption of Christians," Halifax's "Advice to a Daughter," and an English "Gazetteer." The French books being translations of Tacitus, Livy, Seneca "De la Consolation de la Mort," lives, memoirs or letters of Richelieu and Colbert, a number of works on commerce and finances, "Le Vrai Cuisinier François," a "Voyage Littéraire," of Two Benedictines, and so forth.

Even after his return from what he regarded as exile in his native country, D'Eon could not resist the temptation of book-buying; the *res angusta domi* began to press very heavily on him at about this period, and for the last twenty-five years of his life he was in pecuniary difficulties—partly as a natural result of the Revolution stopping his pension, but chiefly through the rascality of Lord Ferrers, who applied to his own private use £5,000 which the French government had transmitted to his care for D'Eon.

Among the extensive collection of D'Eon books and unpublished manuscripts in the possession of Mr. R. Copley Christie,<sup>1</sup> there is a curious account of "Livres que Mr Boissiere, libraire, rue le St. James, à Londres, a fournis à Mile.<sup>2</sup> la Chre D'Eon." All the books in this bill are in French, several dealing with the Bastille, and the others including "La Vie Privée de Louis XV." and the "Fastes de Louis

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Christie, who at one time contemplated a life of the Chevalier D'Eon, has most generously permitted me to examine his valuable collection of D'Eon literature.

<sup>2</sup> During his stay in England, D'Eon was known by the title of Chevalier; on the second occasion, and up to the time of his death, when, in fact, he dressed as a woman, he assumed the title of Chevalière.

XV." These purchases, which amount to £99s. 6d., are quite insignificant when compared with that effected by D'Eon at Christie's on February 11, 1792. The "Library of a Gentleman," otherwise Dr. James Douglas, included as one lot "a matchless collection of the various editions and translations of Horace," five hundred and sixty volumes in all, for which the Chevalier paid, it is said, £100.<sup>1</sup> This *assemblage incomparable*, as D'Eon himself termed it, was retained by him until his death. His first work was to prepare, on the most ample scale, a "catalogue raisonné," written on cards, of the five hundred and sixty volumes. Each edition has at least one, and sometimes two or three cards; on these a complete transcription of the title-page is written, frequently followed by some descriptive or critical remarks. The ulterior object of all this preliminary work being a gigantic edition of Horace in five different sections, viz.:—

Horatius Profanus.

Horatius Christianus.

Horatius Catholicus, Apostolicus et Romanus.

Horatius Reformatus.

Horatius Gallus, sive purgatus, expurgatus, castratus et Eunuchus [*sic*] secundum Societatem Jesu defunctam, etc., et Amplissimas Europæ Universitates.

It is scarcely necessary to state that D'Eon's idea never got beyond the manuscript stage. An examination of these MSS., which are now in possession of Mr. R. Copley Christie, proves that, had the Chevalier's edition been printed, it would have been an unqualified failure, any such edition being entirely beyond his power.

With the purchase of Dr. Douglas's collection of Horace, the Chevalier's

<sup>1</sup> This is the amount stated in all the biographies of D'Eon. A reference to the Christie catalogue, however, shows that this collection of Horace—started by Dr. Mead and continued by Dr. Douglas—was bought in at 199 guineas. This, of course, may have been the reserve price at which the collection was put up by the auctioneer. The collection may have been sold to D'Eon privately by the executors of Dr. Douglas; but it is quite certain that he did not, as is usually stated, purchase the collection under the hammer for £100.

career as a book-buyer appears to have ended. He next appears in the character of bookseller. In the spring of 1791, it was announced that the Chevalier D'Eon's books and MSS. were to be sold by auction, in order, as he himself explains, to "satisfy and pay her creditors, before her departure for Paris. *Iustitiæ Soror Fides*." The catalogue was drawn up by the Chevalier himself, and the sale announced by James Christie for Thursday, May 5, 1791, and following days. At the same time it was announced that the sale would include her mahogany book-cases, her prints, household furniture, swords, trinkets, jewels, and, in general, all her wearing apparel, constituting the wardrobe of a captain of Dragoons and a French lady." The title-page of the catalogue contained a quotation ostensibly from Juvenal:—

Quale decus rerum si Virginis Auctio fiat  
Balteus, et Manicæ, et Cristæ, crurisque  
sinistri

Dimidium Tegmen! . . .

. . . Tu felix, Ocreas vendente Puella;

but the auctioneer, who was a wag, adapted the lines to suit the occasion, and substituted "Virginis" for the original word "conjugis." The announcement of the sale attracted very wide interest, and all the principal newspapers of the time contained comments, the *Public Advertiser* publishing on May 3 and 5, "Memoirs of the Life of Mademoiselle La Chevalière D'Eon."

But the sale did not take place. "The good sense and the good feeling," according to the *Public Advertiser* of May 6, "were, perhaps, never exerted with more propriety than in the request made by some very liberal persons (not *Aristocrats*) to Mr. Christie, on the evening before Madame D'Eon's sale, to desire him to stop the sale of her books and MSS. in order to procure a subscription to enable her to pay her debts, and to enjoy those silences of age and of infirmity, to which her talents, her conduct, and her sex had so well entitled her. The Chevalière consented to this proposition with

great difficulty, after having burst into tears at the kindness and generosity of the persons who made this offer, and on its taking place she insisted upon presenting her MSS. and her Oriental books to the British Museum." A subscription list was opened at Hammersley's Bank, Pall Mall, and in a very short time the sum of £465 5s. was obtained, the Prince of Wales giving £100. A public benefit for the Chevalier was got up at Ranelagh in June of the same year, and for a time the Chevalier was comfortably situated. By February, 1792, he appears to have been just as badly off as ever. The *Public Advertiser* of January 25 of that year contains the following note, which reads curiously enough in connection with the recent celebration of the Franco-German war: "What resources might the democrats and emigrants of France find in Marshal Saxe's MS. Memoirs, which come to the hammer very soon, at the Chevalière D'Eon sale. There is amongst them a complete description of all the souterrains of that very important fortress Strasburg."

Seventy-three lots of "valuable and elegant jewels, a few fine prints, valuable coins, medals, plate," etc., which Christie sold on February 17, 1792, produced a total of £348 17s. 7d., some of the more valuable lots being bought in. On the 3rd and 4th of the same month a small parcel of books and prints had been sold at this place. During the next year the Chevalier disposed of another instalment at Leigh & Sotheby's, to whom, in sending a list of books and MSS. on April 3, 1793, he wrote and requested them to do the best they could. The Chevalier, apparently, expecting every day to return to France, desired that the result of the sale be sent to M. Dutens, Davies Street, Berkeley Square, No. 24, who will forward the amount to him in Burgundy if he has left England. The sale of these books took place on May 22 and the two following days, and the one hundred and four lots brought a total of over £19, as the statement of account, now in the possession of Mr. R. C. Christie, shows:—

SALE OF M<sup>LE</sup>. D'EON'S BOOKS.

By Leigh & Sotheby.

|                                |          |
|--------------------------------|----------|
| Selling at 12½ per cent. . . . | £2 17 0  |
| Duty and Stamp . . . . .       | 0 12 8   |
| Carriage of Books . . . . .    | 0 2 6    |
| Monies to pay Madame . . . .   | 19 3 10  |
|                                | <hr/>    |
|                                | £22 16 0 |

A month after the sale the balance was paid to the Chevalier, who signed the receipt "G. Deon." The sale of the residue of the Chevalier's library took place at Christie's on February 19, 1813, and included the collection of Horace: the total proceeds amounted to £313, which apparently went to pay outstanding accounts. The more valuable portion of the Chevalier's library undoubtedly changed hands privately, as there is no record of very many important items having occurred for sale in the auction-rooms. The Chevalier's catalogue contained an announcement that any of the articles therein mentioned were for sale by private contract.

The great variety and importance of the Chevalier's library can only be fully grasped after a careful perusal of the original catalogue, which has itself become a considerable rarity. The manuscripts to which the Chevalier attached the greatest value were unquestionably those of Maréchal de Vauban, to whom D'Eon's uncle had been secretary. These MSS., which date from 1677 to 1706, are of the greatest interest. But Vauban, who fortified three hundred ancient citadels, created thirty-three new ones, had the direction of fifty-three sieges, and was present at one hundred and forty engagements, was a genius at applying the ideas of others—a contingency which does not in any way minimize the fact of his being the greatest of French military engineers. D'Eon's collection contained all the manuscripts of the Maréchal, with plans, instructions on the fortifications, the attack and defence of the particular places, the encampments, and an infinite variety of other important matter, into which it is not necessary to enter. The Chevalier also attached much importance to several large folio

volumes containing a variety of manuscripts on civil and criminal law in France, but more especially the "procès-verbal" of the Conferences held in 1667, concerning the reformation of the "Ordre Judiciaire."

Of MSS. on history, politics, arts, and sciences, there were nearly fifty items, in either French, Spanish, or English. Perhaps the most remarkable of these articles was "Les Ethiques, Politiques, Economiques," etc., of Aristotle, *mag-nifiquement* written in Gothic letters, in black ink, and with capitals in gold, blue, or red, on fine vellum. Another entry, in Latin, describes a beautiful MS. of Pliny's "Epistles" elegantly illuminated. There was a thirteenth-century MS. of Cicero's "Rhetorics;" a fifteenth-century MS. of the "Legenda Sanctorum;" and another MS. about the same date comprising the treatise attributed to Aristotle, "De Secretis Secretorum;" the last three, with a Greek "Codex," elegantly written towards the close of the twelfth century, are now in the British Museum, and form a part of the bequest of Dr. Burney. Yet another interesting entry consists of the "Œuvres Mêlées et Complètes du Vergier," which ran into three volumes quarto. This MS., which belonged to an intimate friend of the poet, contains a number of pieces, in verse and prose, which had not, up to the time at which they became D'Eon's property, appeared in any edition; his works, which were not printed during his lifetime, were first collected and published at Amsterdam in 1726.

His collection of Bibles, MS. and printed, including editions in Hebrew, Chaldaic, Syriac, Talmudic-Rabbinic, Arabic, Persian, Turkish, Ethiopian, Georgian, Malay, Gothic, Greek, Latin, Gauloise, French, and English, nearly fifty in all, and many of the greatest rarity and interest, from the twelfth century MS. of the *Biblia Latina* with Dr. Jerome's *Prologis* (now in the British Museum) downwards. Perhaps the most interesting entry in this section is the Basle edition of "Divinæ Scripturæ Veteris ac Novi Testamenti," 1545. This splendid edition was published

under the direction of Melanchthon, to whom D'Eon's copy once belonged, as is evidenced by the fact that nearly every page contains the editor's notes in Greek and Latin. D'Eon also possessed a New Testament in Greek, in which Melanchthon had made a number of notes; there was also a copy each of the extremely rare French translation of the Bible, printed by Antoine Verard, in Paris, about 1487, and of the beautiful edition issued from the Estienne Press in 1546.

The variety and number of the Chevalier's dictionaries and encyclopedias comprised the most reliable works dealing with history, literature, law, gardening, agriculture and botany, arts, sciences, military, and theology. After these books of reference—which, after all, are not necessarily an indication of a man's literary proclivities—D'Eon's library was largely made up of French *mémoires*. The standard French authors were well represented. The edition of Rousseau's "Œuvres" is that in eleven volumes, printed under the eye of the author by his intimate friend, Marc Michel Rey, of Amsterdam, 1769; the whole set is half-bound in calf, "bien propre," as the Chevalier adds with the true pride of the bibliophile. But of exceedingly curious books, or of works which one rarely meets with outside Brunet, D'Eon's library was very full. He possessed, for instance, Magellan's "Description des Octants et Sextants;" he rejoiced in the possession of a certain "Traité des Maladies des Femmes grosses," published in 1712; a copy of the "Dissertation sur la Prééminence des Chats" (Amsterdam, 1767), a very curious treatise on the position of the cat in society, its place among the other animals of Egypt, on the distinctions and privileges which cats have personally enjoyed, their honorable treatment in life, and of the monuments and so forth which have been erected to them after their death, and much other quaint information in regard to this topic. In the library of so expert a swordsman, the presence of "L'Honneur considéré en lui-même et relativement au Duel" (Paris, 1752)

is not, perhaps, surprising, although it is not easy to imagine a student of either of the foregoing books indulging in the luxury of sermons, of which the Chevalier possessed a goodly number. Indeed, theology, in the widest sense of the term, was distinctly a speciality of the Chevalier, one of whose greatest treasures was a copy of the Catechisms composed by Cardinal Richelieu, and dedicated by him to the Sovereign, Louis XIII. This book is in folio, and is very highly ornamented with vignettes. The *Public Advertiser*, in an obviously inspired paragraph which it published in January, 1792, described this as "the finest printed book in the world, perhaps beating *Boydell's 'Shakespeare,'* and the *Louvre 'Thomas à Kempis.'*"

D'Eon's library included singularly few Italian books, the only noteworthy exception, indeed, being a splendid copy on vellum of Martinelli's "*Istoria Critica della Vita Civile*" (Naples, 1764), with the large and beautiful vignettes in gold and blue. To perpetrate an Irishism most of the Chevalier's English books were in French. Even after so long a residence in this country, the Chevalier's English was exceedingly indifferent, and whenever it was possible to obtain French versions of English classics he appears to have preferred them thus. We find, for example, among his books, Coste's translation of Locke's "*Essay on the Human Understanding*," Pope's works, both in separate pamphlets, and the collected edition in eight volumes published at Amsterdam in 1767; Young's poems, and even Dr. Watts's, appear in their French dress.

The Chevalier D'Eon—a lady "*tam Marti quam Minerva, tam Camillæ quam Cornelia, tam Matronæ quam Imperatori*"—was a true bibliophile, one who collected books because he loved them; and not a specimen of that too common type who collects books with the primary object of being considered a wise man. The Chevalier wrote his name or pasted his book-plate in every one of his books, and "*de la bibliothèque de la Chevallière D'Eon*" is an

announcement which one occasionally notices in a book which almost invariably attracts the bibliophile's attention, either by its exterior beauty or by its intrinsic interest. The Chevalier was neither wise nor diplomatic in many things, and much of the misery of his later years is distinctly traceable to his own foolishness, but amid all his infirmities and in spite of all his foibles, his love for books is almost beautiful in its sincerity and in its intensity; and, having said all they can against him, perhaps his detractors would occasionally ask themselves whether they can lay claim to so great a virtue.

W. ROBERTS.

From The Argosy.

#### COUNTRY LIFE IN THE LAST CENTURY.

English country and provincial life at the close of the eighteenth century had changed greatly in several of its essential features from what it had been at the beginning of the long reign of George the Third.

At the earlier period the aspect of the country itself was for the most part desolate and dreary in the extreme. Agriculture had made but comparatively little progress, sparse patches of cultivation, alternating at wide intervals with the swamps and wastes, which made up the prevailing features of the landscape. It was the opening out of fresh roads in every direction, and the conversion of muddy bridle-paths and narrow footways into wide and properly levelled "turnpikes," passable for vehicles of every kind, which wrought so material a change in the social relations and the manners of English country life.

Between the years 1760 and 1774, upwards of seven hundred Inclosure Acts were obtained, while of Turnpike Acts, four hundred and fifty-two were passed during the same period. It was a silent revolution, but, as the results proved, a most beneficial one.

The taste and comfort which nowadays are rarely absent from a villa or

suburban residence of even the humblest kind were seldom to be found even among the homes of the country gentry prior to the middle of last century. Landscape gardening was confined to the seats of the great proprietors, and such a thing as an ordinary flower-garden was a by no means usual accessory even to the mansion of a gentleman qualified to dub himself a knight of the shire. The houses themselves, although generally substantial structures enough, were rarely kept in a state of repair and cleanliness such as would accord with our modern notions of decency and comfort. The stables and kennels were in too close proximity to them, occupying the site which is now usually devoted to conservatories and flower-borders. The rough fields and stony rutted lanes through which the mansion was approached presented the greatest possible contrast to the carefully kept avenues, the shaven lawns, and all the ornate surroundings of a modern country residence.

One of the chief points in the education, so-called, of a gentlewoman of those days was that she should become a proficient cook; while, if her parents were ambitious that she should shine in after-life as an accomplished hostess, she received lessons from a carving-master. The chief duty of hospitality, as taught her at home, was for the lady to press the guests to eat to repletion, while the main care of the master of the house was to induce them to drink to excess. This, it may be, was not an unfitting education for a young woman who was destined to become the helpmate of some country boor, who regarded a wife in the light of an upper servant, and to whom the company of the opposite sex was an irksome restraint on the freedom of social intercourse.

To a woman of any education and refinement an English manor-house of a hundred and fifty years ago must have been an intolerable home.

The state of the roads during a great part of the year was such as to render visiting impracticable. The library of

the Hall probably consisted of a book of recipes, the "Justice of the Peace," a volume of drinking songs, a book of sports, and a tract or two against popery. There were no country book-clubs or London circulating libraries in those days. The country town, unless it were one of the chief centres of provincial life, had probably not even one bookseller's shop, and was dependent for its literary supplies upon the occasional visits of a hawker, or the travelling agent of some large firm, who went round with his pack from house to house, or set up a stall from which he dispensed his wares on fair or market days.

This state of things had, however, to a certain extent become ameliorated during the last quarter of the century.

The wife of a country gentleman was no longer content with the position of a cook, and her daughters received an education very different from that of their grandmothers. They were taught the ordinary accomplishments of those days, and the rudiments, at least, of a more solid education at a boarding-school; while a winter in London, or a season at Bath, generally sufficed to eradicate any rusticity or bashfulness which might still cling to them.

Of the country squires of that time a contemporary writer has handed down a by no means flattering picture.

Many of them, we are told, "seem born only for the destruction of game and the disturbance of their neighbors. They are mere vegetables which grow up and rot on the same spot of ground, except a few which are transplanted into the Parliament House. Their whole life is hurried away in scampering after foxes, leaping five-bar gates, trampling upon the farmers' corn and swilling October." Everywhere in the literature of the day the rural gentry are described as a coarse, overbearing, illiterate race, solely devoted to the stable, the kennel, and the bottle.

In small provincial towns it was the custom among polite society to assemble every Sunday evening in tea-gardens, generally known as "Little Ranelaghs," and there regale themselves with cakes

and home-brewed ale. On moonlight nights—for at other times, owing to the scarcity of lamps, the company would have had some difficulty in finding their way home—concerts were sometimes held in these gardens, while, occasionally, a company of strolling players would arrive and give a performance in a barn.

The *World*, a contemporary print, draws a caustic picture of country society, which was probably not exaggerated in the least.

The scene is laid at the seat of a rich squire, a magistrate and an expectant M.P. It is race-week at a neighboring town. Accordingly the company start off in a body, and, after travelling five or six miles over a bad road, arrive at the Red Lion in time for the ordinary. The dinner consisted of cold fish, lean chickens, rusty ham, half-cooked venison, green fruit, and grapeless wines.

After two hours wasted over this dreary banquet, the diners adjourned to the racecourse, where they remained till dusk amid a drunken and disorderly mob. Then followed a rush back to the town to dress for the assembly, held in a room over a stable, which was redolent of the odors natural to such a locality. This, however, seemed in no way to mar the evening's enjoyment. Dancing was kept up with a vigor unknown in these degenerate days. At midnight, cold chicken and negus were handed round; and at two in the morning the party broke up.

The ordinary tenant-farmer of the last century differed little from the ploughman and carter who lived in his house and were domesticated with his family. It seldom happened that he could read and write; and a scanty capital sufficed for the rude cultivation of the few fields which he held at an easy rent. This primitive husbandman has long since merged into the class of ordinary laborers. Another kind of cultivator, long the pride and boast of old England, is rarely to be found nowadays, the greater number of small freeholds having been gradually absorbed into the big estates. He still

exists here and there in Cumberland and one or other of the northern counties, living on his ancestral acres and maintaining with just pride the ancient and worthy order to which he belongs.

But the rude and ignorant yeomanry were, taking them all in all, a better class than the gross and sordid inhabitants of the towns, where drunkenness was the all-pervading vice of the middle and lower orders.

In domestic habits the distinction between the two classes was of the slightest. The master-tradesman lived with his servants in the kitchen, and it was only on Sundays and holidays that the parlor or "best room" was made use of. After the day's business was over, the public-house was the common resort, and it was a rare thing for its frequenters to reach home in a state of sobriety. Such practices, even when kept up from day to day, the year round, involved no loss of character, and it would have been considered a very strange and frivolous objection to a fellow-townsmen who aspired to the dignity of alderman, or mayor, that he were an habitual drunkard who rarely went sober to bed.

The chief place of fashionable resort for both town and country people was Bath, which long maintained its supremacy over all its rivals.

Many lively pictures are extant of the mode of life affected by its visitors. People in those days amused themselves in much the same frivolous and unsatisfactory manner as in our own times, and must have yawned through the day with equal persistency. At eight in the morning the fashionable world proceeded in *deshabille* to the pump-room, where they drank the waters while a noisy band thundered in the gallery. Beneath the pump-room was the king's bath, described as "a huge cistern, where you see the patients of both sexes up to their necks in hot water. The ladies wear jackets and petticoats of brown linen, with chip hats. In which they fix their handkerchiefs."

Close to the pump-room was a coffee-house for ladies, the headquarters of

gossip and scandal. But the principal scenes of entertainment were the two public rooms, where "the company met alternately every evening. They are generally crowded with well-dressed people, who drink tea in separate parties, play at cards, walk, or sit and chat together. Twice a week there is a subscription ball."

At this time a species of stage-coach, called "The Machine," occupied two days in going between Bath and London, carrying ten inside passengers and sixteen outside, including the driver and guard. The fare was twenty-five shillings. Gentlemen who were above travelling by a public conveyance frequently advertised for a companion to join them in a post-chaise, who in that

case would divide the charges and diminish the risk of an attack by highwaymen.

For those among the poorer classes who had occasion to take a journey there was the slow, springless road wagon, in which, with plenty of fresh straw to lie upon, and a tilt overhead to ward off both sun and rain, the travellers jolted along among the boxes, bales, and general merchandise that filled up the rest of the lumbering vehicle; telling stories and singing songs to beguile the time; and, it may be, as happy in their way as the third-class passengers of to-day speeding across England at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour.

T. W. SPEIGHT.

**The Cost of Tunnels.**—In comparing the four great tunnels of the world there is seen to be a very remarkable decrease in time and cost of the successive works. The Hoosac tunnel, the oldest of the four, cost three hundred and seventy-nine dollars a foot; the Mont Cenis, the next in date, cost three hundred and fifty-six dollars a foot; the St. Gothard cost two hundred and twenty-nine dollars a foot; and the Arlberg, the latest in date, cost only one hundred and fifty-four dollars a foot. This rapid decrease in cost, within comparatively few years, is a marked indication of the great progress in mechanical methods and improvement in rock-excavating tools. A still more striking result exists in the case of a tunnel through the Cascade Mountains, on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad. This, unlike those named, which were excavated in old settled countries, the terminal easy of access, was in a peculiarly difficult location, so much so that it took six months to convey the machinery to the spot. Rivers had to be turned aside, bridges built, and material transported over improvised roads through nearly one hundred miles of forest, mud, and snow-fields, yet the tunnel, which is sixteen and one half feet wide, twenty-two feet high, and eight thousand, nine hundred and fifty feet long, was bored through the mountains in twenty-two months, at the

rate of four hundred and thirteen feet a month, and a cost of the completed tunnel of only one hundred and eighteen dollars a foot.

Information.

**Mendelssohn's Contempt for Liszt.**—"You know," said Liszt, "that Mendelssohn, who was the most zealous musician that ever lived, always had a dislike for me, and on one occasion, at a soirée at Dr. K—'s, he drew a picture of the devil on a blackboard, playing his G-minor concerto with five hammers, in lieu of fingers, on each hand. The truth of the matter is that I once played his concerto in G-minor from the manuscript, and as I found several of the passages rather simple and not broad enough, if I may use the term, I changed them to suit my own ideas. This, of course, annoyed Mendelssohn, who, unlike Schumann or Chopin, would never take a hint or advice from any one. Moreover, Mendelssohn, who although a refined pianist, was *not* a virtuoso, never could play my compositions with any kind of effect, his technical skill being inadequate to the execution of intricate passages. So the only course open to him, he thought, was to vilify me as a musician. And, of course, whatever Mendelssohn did, Leipzig did also."

The Etude.

